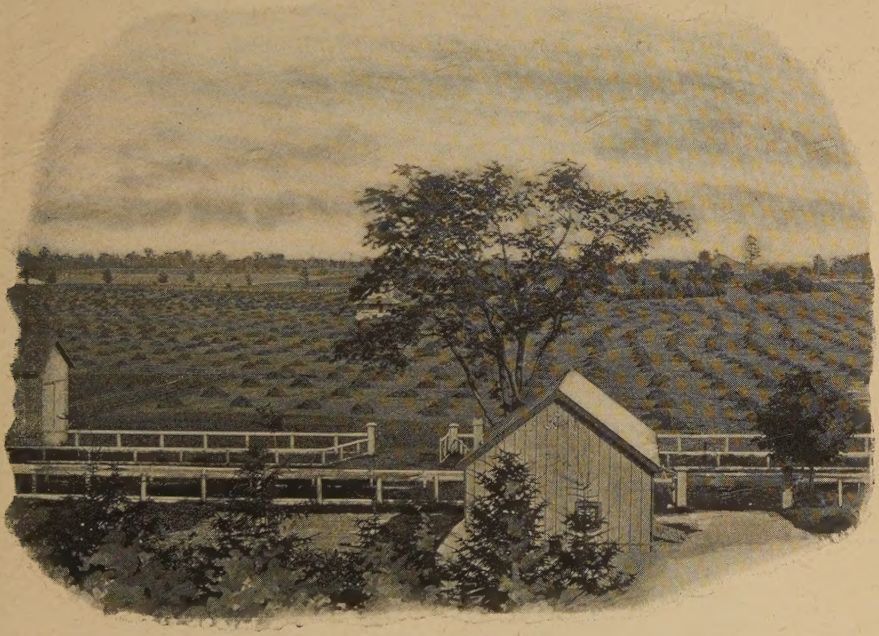
Methodist Magazine and Review.

JULY, 1899.

SCIENTIFIC FARMING IN CANADA.

THE ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, GUELPH.

"The king himself is served by the field."



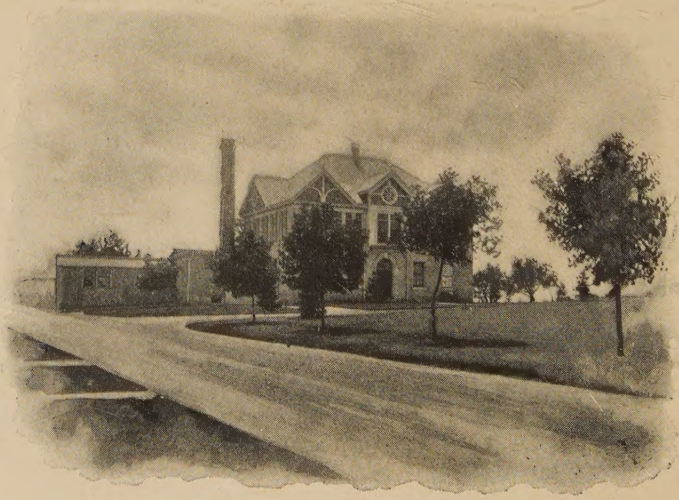
A FIELD OF TEDDED HAY.

It is gratifying to know, upon the testimony of so high an authority as Prince Kropotkin, that scientific farming in Canada is conducted on methods of excellence not exceeded, if they are equalled, in any country in the world. Indeed, the Prince pays a glowing tribute to the greater advancement of Canada in this respect than that of most of the countries of Europe. This is largely accomplished by the experimental farms established by the Government in different parts of the country. "A modern experimental farm," says Prince Kropotkin, "is, in reality, an open-air laboratory for experimental researches into the physiology of plants; its work is scientific work, which loses nothing of its value from its ultimate object being an increase of man's powers over nature. While in Europe," he adds, "the work of the experimental farms too often remains

CLASS IN CHEMISTRY.

little known to those who toil on the soil, in Canada, as in the United States, a whole machinery has been worked out for diffusing the knowledge that has been won from scientific research, down to the remotest village.

"Not only the reports of the experimental farms, their bulletins on special subjects, and their circulars, are distributed in scores of thousands (162,642 reports and bulletins were mailed in 1896); not only some twenty thousand letters are exchanged every year with the farmers and correspondents, and several thousand farmers come to pay visits every year to each experimental farm; but a whole system of Farmers' Institutes and farmers' conventions and associations has



BIOLOGICAL LABORATORY.

STUDENTS AT MICROSCOPIC WORK—BIOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT.

been developed to convey that information to the farmers and to have it discussed by them; while the reports of the provincial departments of agriculture, which also are distributed free in many thousands of copies, contain whole inquiries into different agricultural subjects, to which every one contributes, and which are admirably summed up." In the autumn of 1897 ten tons of Canadian seeds were shipped to Vladivostock to be experimented upon on the Siberian farms.

"The Agricultural College at Guelph," he continues, "with the experimental farm attached to it—

STUDENTS AT WORK IN BACTERIOLOGICAL LABORATORY.

both maintained by the Province of Ontario—is situated amidst the garden of Canada, where mixed farming of an intensive character is carried on, and where grapes, peaches, and pears are cultivated to a great extent."

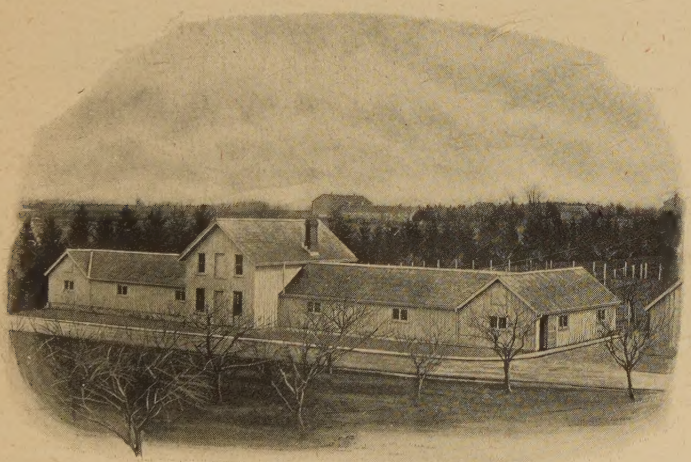
On a sunny day in the leafy month of June, a year ago, the present writer had the pleasure for the first time of visiting this institution. It was a genuine surprise to enter the park-like grounds with the broad and well-kept lawns, of over fifty acres, studded with clumps of the finest lilacs and other flowering trees and shrubs we had ever seen. It was like some old English demesne. From the flat roof of the college buildings we obtained a noble outlook over the broad farm of five hundred and fifty acres, with the many college buildings, big barns, outhouses, and farm offices, and in the distance the windings of the Grand River and the spires and towers of the Royal City.

Under the care of one of the professors, I made a thorough visitation of the whole establishment, the well-equipped lecture-rooms, laboratories, greenhouses, barns, stables, etc., and felt that my agricultural education had been very much neglected. I cannot conceive conditions more favourable for acquiring a scientific training in the many modern developments of the oldest of the world's industries than is furnished by the Guelph Agricultural College.

Nor are the farmers of this garden province of Ontario unmindful of the advantages that they enjoy. During that month of June no less than thirty thousand visitors, from all parts of the province, inspected the farm and its experimental field and dairy work. It engrossed the energies of President Mills to play the host to the large number of visitors eager to take a college course in agriculture during an afternoon. We saw them filling the great refectory, swarming in the greenhouses and gardens, asking all sorts of questions on all kinds of subjects, from the best kind of strawberries and how to grow them to the worst kind of weeds and how to get rid of them.

JUDGING CATTLE—LIVE STOCK DEPARTMENT.

The college dates from 1874, but its early years were more tentative than successful. Since 1880, howeverever, the college, to use the words of one familiar with its history, has "gone ahead by leaps and bounds, rapidly improving from year to year in equipment and in the character of the work done by it." To this result the liberal policy of the Hon. Mr. Dryden, Minister of Agriculture, the full control by the president of all the departments of the institution, both farm and college, and the co-operation of an able and



POULTRY BUILDINGS.

progressive staff of teachers, instructors, and experimenters, together with the labours of an experienced farm superintendent, have contributed.

Notwithstanding the development in Canada of manufactures, of its fisheries, its lumbering interests, and its mines, still agriculture is the dominant industry. The Dominion statistician tells us that our fisheries add about $20,000,000 yearly to our wealth, our mines add nearly $30,000,000, our forests $80,000,000, while agriculture adds no less than $600,000,000, or about five times as much as the other three sources of wealth combined.

Till recent years comparatively little attention was paid to scientific farming in Canada. The old-fashioned ways of the pioneers are still followed. Any one, it was thought, could make a successful farmer. Due precautions were not taken to maintain the fertility of the soil, or to develop new and improved methods of its cultivation. We have changed all that, and the best thought and care and scientific skill are employed for getting out of the soil the magnificent wealth which nature has stored up for the supply of human needs.

Mr. W. W. Hubbard, in an address at St. John, N.B., last June, truly said: "It is reasonable to argue that every bright and intelligent young man and young woman that is placed upon the farms of this country, equipped with a knowledge of how to make his or her work there pay, is worth much more to the province than one who follows non-productive pursuits. Unfortunately," he adds, "the general trend of population is

away from the farm." This he attributes, among other things, to the Anglo-Saxon feeling of unrest and love of adventure; to the semi-isolation of farm life and lack of social intercourse such as obtains where people congregate; to the unfortunate feeling that the position of the farmer is a menial and degraded one, and that his occupation affords no room for education or ambition; and to the feeling that there is upon the farm the prospect of unlimited drudgery and very little remuneration therefor.

VETERINARY DEPARTMENT.

Mr. Hubbard maintains on the contrary that the work of the farm can be made so interesting that the highest intellect will delight in its mysteries, and the sense of isolation be, to a great extent, lost in the fulness of nature's works and ways. He urges for this purpose the study of elementary agriculture in the public schools of the country, and cites with approbation the grand work that has been done by the Department of Agriculture in the Dominion of Canada and especially in the Province of Ontario.

As an instance of the latent wealth which lies within reach of the people of Canada, he mentions the fact that during the year 1897 the one item of butter exported from the little kingdom of Denmark, not nearly so large as the province of New Brunswick, realized the farmers of that country twenty-five million dollars. This trade has been worked up within twenty-five years by intelligent instruction and scientific dairy methods.

It is gratifying to know that the scientific aspect of farming is receiving wide recognition. Many of the universities of America and Europe have an agricultural department in which diplomas or degrees are given. Most of the provinces of the Dominion, States of the Union, and countries of Europe have also their Experimental Farms or Agricultural Colleges. It is gratifying to know that that of the Province of Ontario has for some years had the reputation of being the best all-round institution of its kind in America, or in the world.

The Drapers' Company, of London, England, have offered to

make a contribution of £800 a year for ten years towards the development of facilities for agricultural education at an important seat of learning. Wealthy corporations or individuals in Canada might well follow this example.

The use of agricultural machinery, in which again Ontario leads the world, relieves the farmer's life of much of its drudgery. The improvement of the country roads, and especially the development of the trolley system, does much to reduce the sense of isolation which formerly prevailed.

A distinctive feature of the Guelph Agricultural College is the fact that all students are required to do a certain amount of manual labour while they are getting their education. They are at lectures every day, except Saturday, from 8.45 to 12 o'clock; and for work in the outside departments they are divided into two divisions, which work alternately in the afternoons every day in the week, taking their turn at field work, in looking after the live stock, and at all other kinds of work which may be required in the different

STRAWBERRY PLANTATION—HORTICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

The farmers' institutes, the visits of the travelling dairy, the wider circulation of agricultural papers, the growth of city, town, and township free libraries, and the growing intelligence of the community, and above all the experimental farms and agricultural instruction, are doing much to reinstate the occupation of farming in its true position as one of the noblest, most independent, and most remunerative of modern industries, and one giving the amplest scope for energy, enterprise, and intelligence.

departments of the institution. For this work they are paid a certain amount, not exceeding nine cents per hour, which is credited on their bills for board and washing.

The object of this practical work is twofold : first, to assist students in meeting their expenses at the college; secondly, and chiefly, to keep them in touch with the farm, and prevent them, during the process of their education, from acquiring a distaste for farm work and farm life—such a distaste as the great majority of students ac-

quire in the high schools and universities of the country.

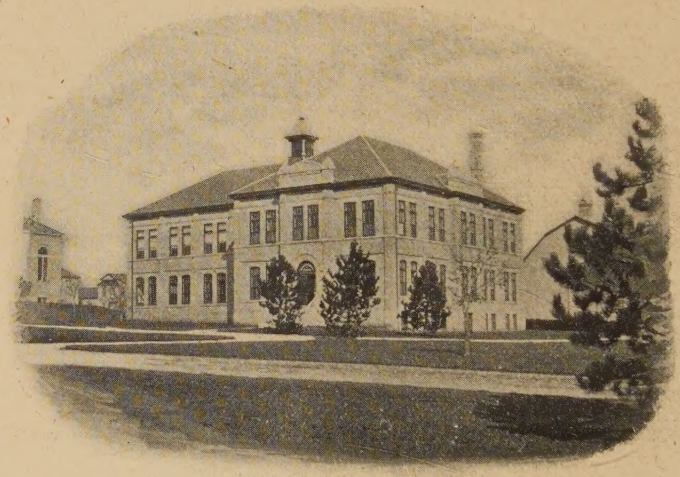
In 1888 the College became affiliated with Toronto University. Since that time all third-year work and final examinations for the degree of Bachelor of the Science of Agriculture (B.S.A.) have been controlled by that institution.

The experimental work done at the College is growing in importance from year to year. The 2,000 or more plots devoted to field experiments are nicely laid out, well kept, and carefully managed; and it is now generally admitted that these plots, taken together, make as beautiful and valuable an experimental field of fifty acres as can be found anywhere on this continent.

The students reside in the college, and are carefully looked after as regards both conduct and studies. There is an active Y. M. C. A. in the institution, and it is admitted on all hands that the moral tone of the college is exceptionally good.

The graduates, associates, and the other ex-students of the college are, for the most part, giving a good account of themselves—the great majority engaged in practical agriculture, several holding professorships, and some occupying other prominent and useful positions—all warmly loyal to the college.

It has been well said, as showing the need and importance of such an institution : " The agricultural college in a province like Ontario is working for the education of that section of the community which represents about seven-tenths of the population, while the arts colleges are all working for the education of another section, which represents about one-tenth of the population.

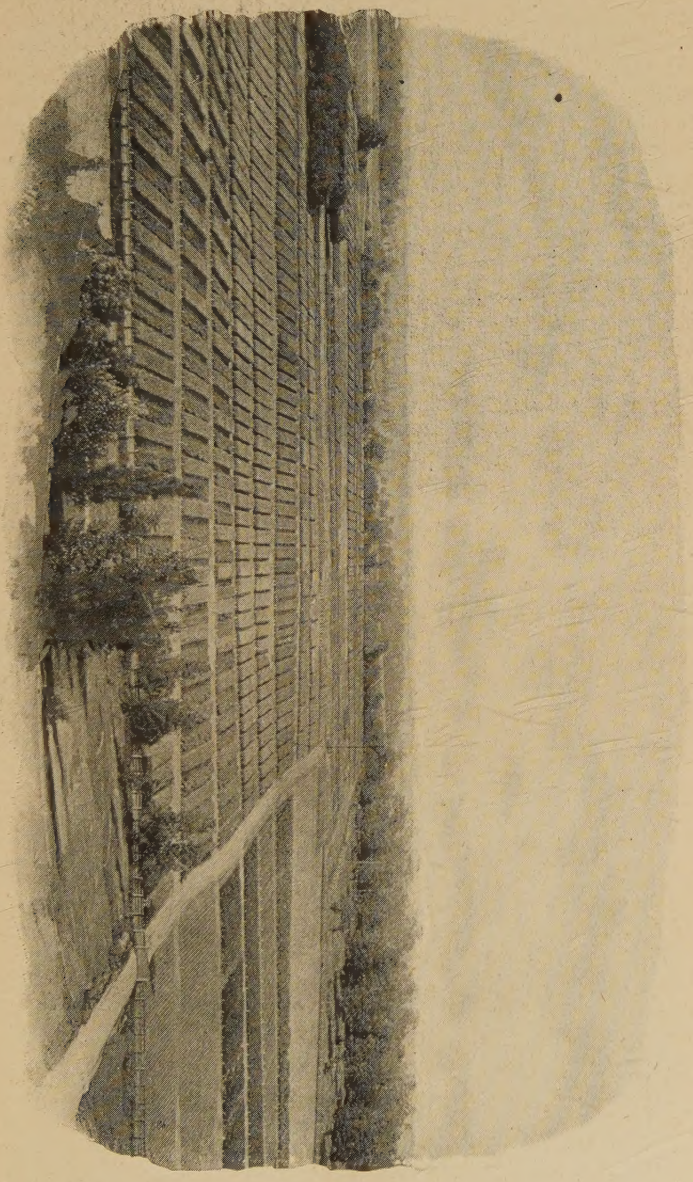


EXPERIMENTAL BUILDING.

The number of students enrolled in the different departments of the Guelph Agricultural College in 1899 is over 300. The following outline of subjects taught, work done, and experiments conducted, indicates more in detail the aim and character of the institution.

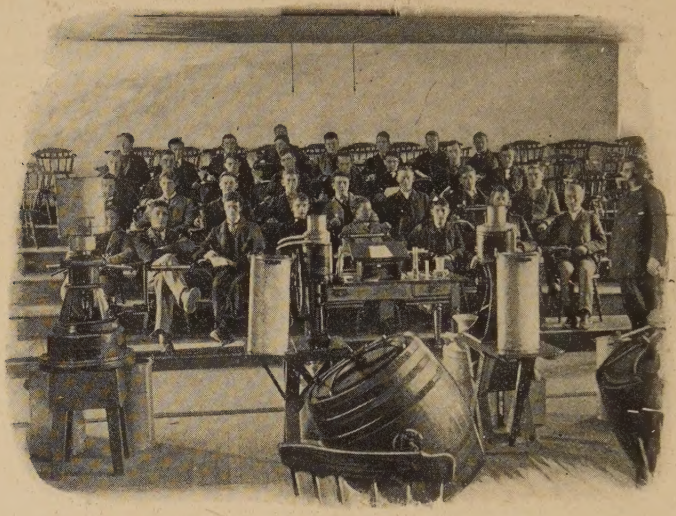
The early education of many of the best students having been more or less neglected, a good deal of attention is given to the teach-

ing of English. Hence a thorough course in grammar, composition, and literature is pursued in order to give students such skill and proficiency in composing as will enable them to write a letter, newspaper article, or more elaborate paper, and to give them such an introduction to Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Macaulay and other good authors as will enable them to spend their leisure hours with pleasure and profit in after life.



EXPERIMENTAL GROUNDS.

The work in mathematics has been confined chiefly to arithmetic



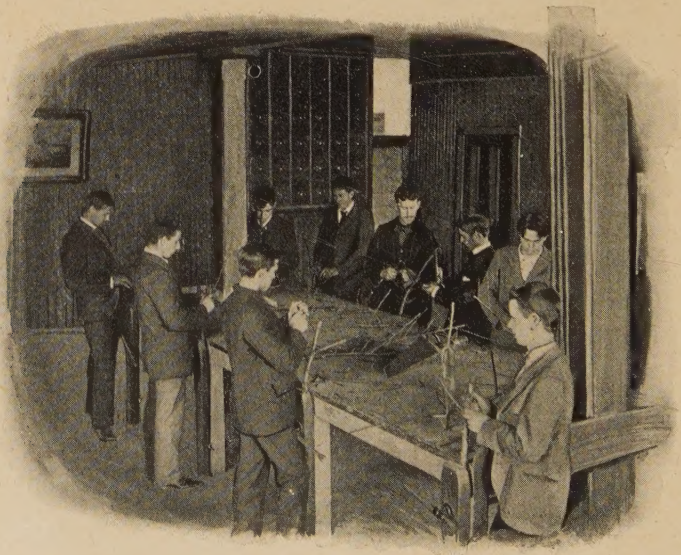
HOME DAIRY WORK.

and mensuration; interest and discount; questions of calculation involved in the work and management of a farm.

A course in book-keeping is given, with such modifications as are necessary to adapt it to the business of farming; also a short course of lectures on commercial law.

There is a good Physical Laboratory in the college, supplied with the necessary apparatus, for practical work in the different branches of physics.

The Chemical Laboratory is



STUDENTS GRAFTING.

one of the most complete and commodious in the country, well equipped with modern apparatus and admirably adapted to the work of instruction and original investigation.

By means of the microscope, with lectures and demonstrations, instruction is given on the character of rust, smut, and other fungi injurious to field, garden, and orchard crops. The most effective remedies and their time of application are also studied.

methods of preventing their ravages.

The Bacteriological Laboratory is well equipped with microscopes, incubators, sterilizers, and other apparatus necessary for class work and research. There is a course of lectures and demonstrations on the relation of bacteria to dairying, and for third-year specialists a comprehensive course of lectures and laboratory work, including the bacteriological analysis of milk, butter, and cheese, and the pas-

PRACTICAL WORK IN CHEMISTRY.

The classification of the forms of animal life from the lowest to the highest is studied so far as is necessary to a proper understanding of the rank and relationship of the more prominent groups; and special attention is given to those forms which affect the farmer injuriously or beneficially. The students receive a thorough course in economic entomology, embracing the characteristics, life-history, and habits of the insects which attack Canadian trees and crops, illustrating or explaining the best known

teurization and sterilization of milk, etc.

In the lectures on agriculture, special attention is paid to the underlying principles of the subject, an effort being made to ground students in these principles and show them their application in practice. Exceptional opportunities for the study of live stock are offered. Animals are regularly brought to a class-room designed for the purpose and critically examined by the students. A number of ex-students have already

given a good account of themselves as judges at township and county fairs. Poultry and apiculture also receive due attention.

We have scarcely begun to appreciate the economic value of dairying in Canada. The lectures on this subject, amply illustrated by the best modern appliances, are designed to make the students intelligent and successful patrons and managers of joint stock cheese and butter factories, and to broaden the views and improve the practice of cheese and butter makers.

cultivation, etc.,—all with the greatest care, and for several years in succession, in order to secure strictly accurate and reliable results. These experiments deal with the crops grown on over nine-tenths of the cultivated land of Ontario, that is, on over 8,000,000 of acres.

A very great degree of the success of this institution is due to the wise administration and tireless energy of its accomplished president, Dr. James Mills. Dr. Mills is himself an illustration of the sort

INJECTING TUBERCULIN.

The course in horticulture covers fully the subjects of fruit growing and vegetable gardening, and as fully as is thought advisable the subjects of landscape gardening, floriculture, and forestry. A comprehensive course is also given in Veterinary Science and on Political Economy.

About fifty acres of land, divided into more than 2,000 plots, is used for agricultural field experiments, conducted with varieties of grain, root, tuber, hay, fodder, silage, and miscellaneous crops; methods of

of men a Canadian farm can grow. He was born in West Gwillimbury, Simcoe, Ont., 1840, and was brought up with a familiar acquaintance with all the practical details of farm life. "A serious accident," says Morgan, in his 'Canadian Men and Women of the Time,' "formed the turning point in his career. At twenty-one he lost his right arm in a threshing machine, and thus handicapped, he stood upon the threshold of his life-work with responsibility, and what some would call

disaster, staring him in the face. Entering the public school, he began his education at the time when the majority of young men have already finished. From the public school he proceeded to the Bradford Grammar School, and thence to Victoria University, Cobourg (B.A., and Prince of Wales' Gold Medal for highest rank in general proficiency, 1868; M.A., 1871; LL.D., 1892).

DR. JAMES MILLS,

President of the Ontario Agricultural College.

"After graduation he taught in the Cobourg Collegiate Institute, from which position he was promoted to the headmastership of the Brantford High School. The growth of this school, and its reputation for thoroughness and good discipline, suggested a man for the Provincial Agricultural College at Guelph, when the presidency became vacant. The offer came to Mr. Mills from the Government entirely unsolicited, and was accepted in the summer of 1879. The institution had been established in 1874, and for some time had many and great difficulties to contend with. Under Mr. Mills most of these obstacles have been overcome, and the college has been established on a firm foundation. The work of the college has likewise been enlarged and systematized. The province is also indebted to Principal Mills for organizing the Farmers' institutes, and for instituting Travelling Dairies. To him likewise was entrusted the preparation of a text-book on agriculture for public schools, called "First Principles of Agriculture."

Dr. Mills is one of the best known and best trusted educationists in this Dominion. He has been for many years an active member of the Senate and Board of Regents of Victoria University. He has also been a member, we think, of all the General Conferences of the Methodist Church, and served upon its most important committees. He has been leader in its most important debates, and was one of the champions of University Federation. On the senate of the Provincial University he aids in moulding the educational policy of his native province.

QUEEN LOUISE OF PRUSSIA.

QUEEN LOUISE OF PRUSSIA.

BY FLORENCE E. WITHROW, B.A.

Who has ever looked upon a picture of Queen Louise of Prussia without saying, "How beautiful she is!" Few women have been favoured with more lovely form and feature. Yet it is the beauty of her character and her queenly grace that most attract. Her portrait is to be found in every household, in every art-store, in every picture-gallery in "Die Vaterland." She is the idol of the German people, and from the youngest to the oldest something of the sad story of her life is known.

Born in the year 1776, in Hanover, Louise was brought up in German simplicity. At the age of six her mother died. Shortly after this sad event, the bereaved father moved with his children to Darmstadt, where they had the loving care of their noble grandmother.

Louise's education was intrusted to a Swiss lady of superior worth, one Fraulein Gelieur, for whom the royal pupil cherished a life-long devotion, and about whom many interesting stories are told. Among them is that of a visit of the grief-stricken husband, shortly after the queen's death, to the Alpine home of the aged governess, and his giving her some of the most precious personal possessions of the dead queen.

The education of the princess was careful and thorough. Her close intimacy with the Goethe family was no small factor in the moulding of her literary taste. She had a rare appreciation of the best writers her nation had produced. In large measure was this the result of her beautiful friendship with Frau Rath Goethe and her poet son.

Frequent were the visits of Louise, when a young girl, to the home of the Goethe family at Frankfort-on-the-Main. Many amusing stories are told of the generous indulgence of the good-natured, motherly Frau Goethe towards her princess guest, such as locking up the nurse so that the little maiden could splash at the court-yard pump to her heart's content.

In later years, to show her appreciation of the great poet's works, and as a slight tribute to his genius, the queen presented his proud mother with some costly jewels, which were afterward kept as a family treasure.

As well as being literary, Louise was also of a deeply religious nature, and her gentle Christian influence was one of her most potent charms. Added to this, her marvellous beauty made her a queen indeed—"angel fair and angel good." Her gentleness of manner and nobility of soul impressed itself on all she met, and deeply and permanently influenced all who knew her.

In her eighteenth year the girlish Princess of Mecklenburg married the heir to the Prussian throne; at twenty she became a queen. But the story of that queen-life, how touchingly sad!

For two years only was Louise crown-princess. In November, 1797, the old king died, and his son succeeded him as Frederic William III. The young king was a man by disposition well suited to be the consort of his noble wife. In every particular was their union ideal. Both had peculiarly religious sensibilities; both were unconventional to a degree which sometimes shocked their loyal subjects, and both preferred a life of simplicity to one of ostentatious

extravagance. On one occasion, returning from a court ceremony, the prince exclaimed, "Thank God you are once more my wife!" "Am I not always your wife?" asked Louise. "Alas! no,—you are so often obliged to be merely the crown-princess."

Their favourite home was the little country estate of Paretz, where they were known as "my lord and lady of the manor." There they spent most of their summers in quiet simplicity, trying to dispel the idea that they were sovereigns of Prussia, enjoying the fancy rather that they were the happiest family in "Die Vaterland." Louise was continually forgetting her "highness-ship," and going with the peasants to their fairs and festivals just as one of themselves.

Seven beautiful children God intrusted to their care. The two oldest were Prince Frederick, afterwards Frederick William IV., and William I., the first Kaiser of United Germany, whose devotion to his lovely mother was so great that he ordered that his heart should be removed after his death and placed at the foot of her tomb.

Louise brought up her children in the fear of God, and cultivated in their hearts loving-kindness, patriotism, and a "disposition for all that was noble, good and holy." No wonder that they rose up to call her blessed!

Though much of sunshine suffused the life of Queen Louise, dark and gloomy shadows at times brooded over it. "For ten years she sat upon a throne around which the war-clouds lowered, ever more dark and threatening. She was thirty when the storm burst that overwhelmed her country and drove her an exile from her capital. Days of bitter humiliation, and even of hardship, followed; then a gleam of returning hope, whose realization she did not see, for at thirty-four she died."

Napoleon I. had already begun his victorious career. On many of the thrones of Europe he had placed members of his own family, and his colossal ambition aimed at conquering the whole continent. An alliance of most of the powers of Europe had been formed to overthrow the French Emperor, but in this the King of Prussia did not join. However, he was warned by the Emperor of Russia of the danger to which he exposed himself by remaining neutral. Alexander even came to Berlin to offer his aid. He desired to see the grave of Frederick the Great. Overcome with emotion, he bowed down and kissed the coffin of the illustrious monarch, and reaching his hand across it to Frederick William, vowed eternal friendship, and bound himself by oath to fight for the freedom of Germany. The queen witnessed this scene, and consecrated it with her tears.

Throughout the whole of the struggle with Napoleon, in spite of the treachery and deceit of the man, the king and queen never uttered a word of hate toward their oppressor. The noble Louise was once heard to say, "We cannot overcome this affliction by hate. Resignation alone can mitigate it. We should think of Him who prayed for those who persecuted Him."

Could other than the most exalted soul entertain such thoughts, when the roar of distant cannon was sounding in her ear; and each successive boom brought the dread certainty of defeat. With what intensity this woman suffered at the ruin of her country can never be fully understood. We cannot know how each insult stung like a white-hot brand.

However, in the extremity of her grief, though hope had long since departed, she never gave up to despair. Let us quote from a letter to her father, written soon

after she was compelled to fly from Napoleon's invading army : " Do not think, liebe Vater, I am destitute of courage. There are two things sustain me—the first is the thought that we are not the toys of fortune, but are in the hands of God, and that His providence guides us; the other is that we fall honourably. My firm faith is that we will not have more to endure than we can bear. My faith does not waver, although I can hope no more."

The vast structure which Frederick the Great built was overthrown in the day of Jena and Auerstadt. Before the victorious French legions the German queen was forced to flee. From Berlin she escaped to Konigsberg, where her son was stricken with typhoid fever. In nursing him, she herself caught the disease. As the conqueror was pressing on she was obliged to again take flight. Lifted from a sick-bed in the depth of winter, she was borne hastily to Memel. The story of this journey reads like the tale of a Siberian prisoner, so bitter were the hardships and the exposure, and so perilous the route.

Negotiations for peace were begun at Tilsit. It was thought advisable that the queen herself should have an interview with Napoleon. " What a struggle it has cost me," she said, " God only knows; for though I do not hate this man, I look upon him as the author of the unhappiness of the king and his people. Still the effort is demanded, and I must make the sacrifice."

In opening the interview, the broken-hearted queen began by saying : " I came to ask the Emperor to grant a favourable peace to Prussia." Whereupon the conquerer contemptuously replied : " Is this what you ask for your folly in engaging in war with me?"

A second interview was held, but with no favourable result. At times Napoleon seemed as though he must grant easy terms, so impressed was he with the quiet dignity and earnest entreaties of this noble woman. But recalling the words of his great minister, Tallyrand, who said, " Sire, shall posterity say that you have not profited by your great conquests, because of a beautiful woman ?" he sealed as hard a bargain as his stern nature could devise. " After all," he cynically remarked, " a fine woman and gallantry are not to be weighed against affairs of state."

" The peace is concluded," wrote Louise, that day, " but at a fearful price. Our boundaries in future only extend to the Elbe; yet the king is greater than his adversary."

For three years the king and queen lived at Memel with their children, " our real treasures," as the fond mother used to say. Years of sad memories, bitter humiliation, and actual want they were. Finally, the French garrison having withdrawn from Berlin, the exiled sovereigns returned to their capital, November, 1809.

Not long was the queen permitted to dwell in royal state. In the springtime her tired soul longed for the quiet of her ancestral home, where only one night had she been permitted to stay since her marriage. Accordingly, to her father's castle of Hohensieritz she was taken. In a week she was stricken down, and died July, 1810, literally of a broken heart.

The news of the queen's death, at the early age of thirty-four, caused the deepest sorrow throughout the land. As the death-knell was sounded in city and hamlet, the praise of her virtues was on every lip, and grief for her untimely fate, caused, as was universally believed, by the miseries of the war, was the burden of every heart.

CAN ANY BUT LEARNED LINGUISTS JUDGE THE THEORIES OF "HIGHER CRITICS"?

BY THE REV. E. H. DEWART, D.D.

Is it justifiable to assume, as is frequently done in current discussion, that the whole subject of the authenticity of the books of the Bible is beyond the comprehension of ordinary mortals, and that we must accept on trust whatever claims to be the "results of modern criticism"? It seems as if some writers would have us believe that we have no choice between accepting the theories of rationalist critics or admitting the force of infidel objections against the divine authority of the Old Testament Scriptures. We are not bound to do either of these.

It is somewhat strange that those who pose as the champions of independent thought, and seem to think they have a mission to break the chains of authority imposed by the Church of the past, should be so constantly appealing to the authority of "all scholars" and the alleged "consensus of modern critics," to settle vital questions affecting our estimate of the Bible. The unquestioning acceptance of the theories of modern critics is no more laudable than submission to the canonized authorities of the past. There may be quite as much independence in vindicating historic truths that are unfairly assailed, as in too readily bowing to the authority of critical experts. It is well to keep in mind, whatever the learning and ability of any writer may be, that "there is only so much force in any man's opinions as there is force in the reasons for them."

No one should expect to settle such grave questions by confident assertions or appeals to the opinions of "scholars," however eminent. "Great men are not always wise." Nearly all the heresies that have corrupted the truths of religion in the past were introduced by men of learning. Baur and the leaders of the Tubingen heresy were as famous scholars and as popular as the greatest "higher critics" of the present day. It is not enough for the advocate of a theory to say that "Christian scholars" hold this same view. It is possible that if we knew who are meant by this designation, we might know enough about them to deem them unsafe leaders. Facts may be established by the testimony of competent witnesses; but the truth of opinions and inferences cannot be attested by the prestige of distinguished names.

The intelligent English scholar should not give up his right to think and judge for himself. Neither should the minister who is not learned in the Hebrew language regard these questions as exclusively belonging to experts. Readers of the English Bible are not left to the tender mercies of rationalist critics, with nothing but the resources of their own wits to meet these negative theories. The results of the studies of the best Biblical scholars are now within easy reach of all readers who desire to study them. Those who have read to any extent what has been written by the ablest critics, both advanced and conservative, know that the main conclusions at issue are submitted to the reason and common-sense of all intelligent Christian readers.

If critics deem these questions about the Bible to be matters

which only Oriental scholars can understand, why do they appeal to the general Christian public as they do? They cannot expect their theories to be accepted with unquestioning faith on their authority alone. Biblical writers who appeal to intelligent English readers, if such readers reject their speculations because they deem them not justified by the facts, should not contemn the jury as incompetent because their verdict is unfavourable. Yet in Germany, and also in America, it is too much the fashion to treat the objections of Christian pastors and intelligent laymen as of no account, and to regard all these questions as the special prerogative of college professors of the analytic school of critics.

The results of accepting the new conception of the Scriptures profoundly concern all Christians. Thinking men and women, therefore, are not likely to give up their thoughtful convictions in deference to claims of superior scholarship. They will require something more convincing than the assurance of partial advocates, that certain theories are supported by "the ripest German scholarship," before they accept them as true. There is truth and reason in this remark of Dean Chadwick of Ireland: "Plenty of orthodox clergymen and laymen, too, who have not the slightest notion of rejecting anything that can be really proved, have just as little intention of letting go their old beliefs until the case is really made out to their satisfaction." *

It is now freely admitted by the most eminent Hebrew scholars, that intelligent readers of the English Bible can understand and judge the characteristic conclusions of the critics. The ultimate decision of the main questions must rest with the enlightened Christian consciousness of the people, rather than with partial critical theorists. Even the late Prof. Robertson Smith, speaking of the English edition of Wellhausen's "Prolegomena of the History of Israel," says that the work "gives the English reader for the first time an opportunity to form his own judgment on questions which are within the scope of any one who reads the English Bible carefully, and is able to think clearly and without prejudice about its contents" (page 6).

In his masterly work, "The Early Religion of Israel," Dr. James Robertson, Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Glasgow, says: "In the following chapters an attempt is made to approach the subject in such a manner that an intelligent reader of the English Bible may not be placed at a disadvantage, and to present the questions in dispute in such a shape that he will be able from the first to follow the argument" (page 5).

The arguments of the higher critics are not based on special translations. Speaking of the alleged double authorship of Isaiah, Prof. T. K. Cheyne, one of the advanced higher critics, says:

"My own opinion is that the peculiar expressions of the latter prophecies are, on the whole, not such as to necessitate a different linguistic stage from the historical Isaiah; and that consequently the decision of the critical question will mainly depend on other than purely linguistic considerations." *

Principal Cave, of Hackney College, London, says:

"No one would have the temerity to maintain nowadays, that valid opinions upon the general bearings of the Old Testament are impossible, either on the score of the corruptness of our copies, or

* *Expositor*, November, 1889.

* "The Prophecies of Isaiah," page 240.

on the score of the precariousness of our translation. In fact we might almost rest satisfied with the Revised English Version everywhere, without going far astray." *

A similar admission is made by the late Professor Kuenen himself, the great high priest of rationalist "higher criticism." He says :

"The Bible is in every one's hand. The critic has no other Bible than the public. He does not profess to have any other documents inaccessible to the laity, nor does he profess to see anything in the Bible that the ordinary reader cannot see. It is true that here and there he improves the common translation, but this is the exception, not the rule. And yet he dares to form a conception of Israel's religious development totally different from that which, as any one may see, is set forth in the Old Testament, and to sketch the primitive Christianity in lines which even the acutest reader cannot recognize in the New." †

Every one will admit that the correct translation, and the finer shades of meaning of the original text, can only be given by those who have mastered the language in which these Scriptures were written. But when the textual critics have done their work and given a correct rendering of the original into English, the intelligent reader can judge as to the soundness of the conclusions that are based upon the ascertained facts. The questions at issue between conservative scholars and advanced critics seldom relate to the meaning of the text, but in almost every case turn upon inferences drawn from a meaning and facts accepted by both parties in common. The different views of the Scriptures, held and taught by the different schools of critics, do not result from differences in the scholarship of these commentators, but from the different spirit and beliefs with which they come to the study of the Sacred Writings. A preconceived theory generally determines the conclusion that will be adopted by the critics.

Isaiah liii. furnishes a good illustration in point. There are no material differences about the meaning. The different translations are in substantial agreement as to what is said of the mysterious Sufferer. In the words of Dr. Pusey : "The question is not, What is the picture ? in this all are agreed, but, Whose image or likeness does it bear ?" The exegesis of the passage does not tell us who is the person spoken of. We can only know this by finding who fulfilled what is said of the suffering Servant. When the eunuch's question is asked : "Of whom speaketh the prophet this ? Of himself or of some other ?" the intelligent English reader can judge as to what being in the world's history fulfilled these prophetic descriptions, just as well as the Hebrew scholar. Rationalist critics, who come to this wonderful prophecy predisposed to ignore or eliminate supernatural prediction and all real fulfilment by future events, and modern Jews for a different reason, apply it to one of the prophets or a personified Israel. But eminent Hebrew scholars, such as Delitzsch, Edersheim, Orelli, Wunsch, Cave, Urwick, Oehler, Dr. A. McCall, and many others, who believe that the prophets foretold "the sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow," are fully convinced that the prophet is here speaking predictively of "Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth." It is not their linguistic learning that makes these two schools of critics differ as to who is spoken of in this prophecy. It is their different standpoints and beliefs regarding prophecy and fulfilment. The

* "Inspiration of O. T.," page 27.

† *Modern Review*, July, 1880.

negative theories of one school compel them to deny that the historic Christ is foretold here.

So far from it being true that the conclusions of the "higher critics" are above the comprehension of all but experts, they are more within the capacity of the intelligent English reader than the work of the textual critic. The translations of the latter he must accept on trust; but the speculations of the former he can bring to the tribunal of his reason and common-sense. He cannot dispute about the meaning of a Hebrew text or the soundness of a critical analysis, but he can judge whether the inferences drawn from accepted facts are sound and reasonable or not. The arguments which cannot be stated in plain English and understood by intelligent readers are too slight and fanciful to bear the weight of the unsettling theories we are asked to accept as the results of so-called "scientific" criticism. The issues involved are too grave to be decided on any authority short of an intelligent personal conviction of the truth of the conclusions we accept. Here, as in every other case, we must "prove all things, hold fast that which is good." There can be no intelligent faith without convincing evidence of the truth of what is believed. As John Milton, in his immortal "Areopagitica," forcibly says :

> "A man may be a heretic in the truth ; and if he believes things only because his pastor says so, or the assembly so determines, without knowing other reason, though his belief be true, yet the very truth he holds becomes his heresy."

Every intelligent Protestant believes he can give good reasons why he is not a Roman Catholic. Yet the questions at issue between Protestants and Catholics are certainly as difficult and abstruse as such questions as : Were the coming and suffering of Jesus Christ predicted by Old Testament prophets ? Does the New Testament contain an account of events that are declared to be a fulfilment of these predictions ? Is there convincing force and reason in the objections of conservative scholars to the new theories about the Bible ? Can the trustworthiness of the Old Testament be denied and the New Testament conception of the Old be rejected, without undermining Christ an faith in the Bible? These seem to us questions within the range of thoughtful readers of the English Bible. Yet it is assumed by some that they can only be answered by Hebrew experts. But Christians should no more accept a conclusion about the character of the Scriptures on the authority of another's word, than they would accept a doctrine of faith on such authority.

Even so liberal a critic as Professor Ladd, of Yale College, does not think these Biblical questions the exclusive province of Hebrew scholars. He says : "And just as far as we separate the arguments for any view of the nature of the Bible from those considerations which commend themselves to the judgment of all alike, just so far do we remove the advantages of the practical use of the Bible from the reach of a large portion of mankind." *

In making these observations regarding the right of English scholars, I have no thought of disparaging the value and importance of Biblical learning or denying the right of free criticism. The Church and the world are profoundly indebted to Christian scholars for the translation, exposition, and defence of the Holy Scriptures. Their faithful labours have bequeathed us inestimable legacies. Not the least of these is the able vindication

* "What is the Bible?" page 10.

of the authenticity and trustworthiness of the Bible by modern scholars, against the attacks of anti-supernaturalist critics. We must be willing to accept all duly attested facts. But when conjectural inferences and imaginary history are presented for acceptance on the authority of "higher critics," every intelligent reader of the English Bible has a right to demand a rational verification of that which he is asked to accept as "results of modern criticism."

It may be in place to suggest here that the study of the "sources," with which so many of the critics exclusively busy themselves, is of value only as it is subordinated to the books of the Bible themselves.—Homiletic Review.

THE MINISTRY OF CANADIAN METHODISM AND THE COLLEGE.*

BY THE REV. N. BURWASH, S.T.D., LL D.,
Chancellor of Victoria University.

We have now completed twenty-six years of work for the Church we serve as a faculty of Theology, and for two years before this our work was carried as a department by the professors in Arts. Twenty-five years ago the first stage of the Union of Canadian Methodism was accomplished. Sixteen years ago that Union was completed. At the commencement of our work, twenty-eight years ago, we were the only Divinity School of one of the Methodist bodies. Our theological students that year numbered twenty-five. Of these twenty-five one is now an Anglican clergyman in this diocese, one a Presbyterian minister in Western Ontario, and one a Methodist minister in the United States. Thirteen are honoured and active ministers in our Church, one only is on the Superannuation list, four have joined the Church triumphant, two are useful and devoted Methodists, though not in the ministry, and of but two are we without record. Our roll of Divinity graduates this year nearly doubles the entire attendance of Divinity students of twenty-eight years ago. But it is satisfactory to note that even twenty-eight years ago nine of this first class proceeded to the degree of B.A. before completing their studies.

In the year of this beginning of our work, the Church which we represented numbered 657 ministers and 69,597 members. To-day our members number 280,537, fourfold the record of twenty-eight years ago; our ministry 2,031, slightly more than threefold; our probationers for the ministry 328, or 125 less than four years ago. Of these 162 are at college, 20 on reserve or without a station, and 146 in circuit or mission work. Of the probationers of 1872, but 15 were sent to college out of a total of 117, or about one-eighth of the whole number. Now about one-half are in attendance at college.

These statistics teach us many important facts in relation to our ministry, its supply of recruits and its relation to our college life.

In the first place it leads us to question the grounds of the fear of an overcrowded ministry. Twenty-eight years ago our ministry num-

* An address to the Theological Convocation of Victoria University, May, 1899.

bered one to 105 church members, and the candidates in preparation were 19 per cent. of the existing total ministry. To-day we have one minister for 138 church members, and the candidates are 16 per cent. of the existing ministry. Allowing an average probation of five years, our present rate of supply would require effective service of over thirty years to keep the ranks full, allowing for no expansion. The experience of the past gives the average of effective service as less than twenty-five years. It thus appears that the proportion of ministers to our membership is nearly 25 per cent. less than it was twenty-eight years ago, and that our present supply of candidates in preparation will fail to maintain even this proportion. To do this we need 25 per cent. more young men than are now entering. The large class of young men before me graduating for the work this year need therefore have no fear that there will not be work for all in the field which we are called to occupy.

But there are other and still more important lessons which present themselves from the facts which we have just cited.

Twenty-eight years ago, in almost every aspect our ministry was different from that of to-day. At that date scarcely 13 per cent. of the candidates for our ministry were found in college, now 50 per cent. Then not more than one-half obtained the advantage of even a single year at college, now all take a minimum course of two years at college in Divinity studies. At that time not more than 20 per cent. took a degree in Arts, now nearly 50 per cent., and of the class which we present to-night 16 per cent. are also graduates in Divinity. At that time our ministry was entirely recruited from a tried and trained and still thoroughly active class of local preachers; now, though we still retain the form, few of our young men have more than the most elementary experience in that work, and the college has become largely the recruiting ground for our ministry.

At that time the course of study prescribed for the ministry was such as might be prepared on a circuit, and consisted of Systematic Theology, Apologetics, Church History with portions of Angus' Bible Handbook, Rhetoric, Logic, Ethics, and Metaphysics, and a little Natural Philosophy. Now nearly one-half of our higher course is devoted to Exegesis and Biblical Theology, i.e., to direct study of the contents of the Bible, and while studies on the circuit or mission still continue, a full two years' course is required at college, laying a foundation in all the great branches of Divinity. It will be seen that thus in the course of a single generation, for the twenty-eight years represent little more than the average working life of a single generation of ministers, a most radical and important change has taken place in the provision and preparation of our ministry.

We shall not now discuss the question as to whether this change is for the better or worse. It has been brought about by influences beyond the control of any individual. Some will think it a matter of regret, others will rejoice in it as a true advance to broader and more perfect work. But whatever may be our judgment on this point, all will admit that it has thrown upon the theological schools of Canadian Methodism a vastly increased and most weighty responsibility. The theological school has thus become the very heart of the Church, the fountain from which as never before it draws its very life. It is to our Church what Oxford has been to the Church of England since the days of Wycliffe. The living,

spiritual power of the college is that which is pouring itself out into the Church through all its ministry; and the doctrines taught in the college will be the doctrines presented by the pulpits in their truth, their completeness and their fitness to meet the needs of the age.

To one point, indeed, our responsibility does not extend. We cannot create natural gifts or endowments. We cannot make orators or poets or great administrators. The Church herself must furnish and select the material for her ministry. It is ours to strive to lead them to that holy place of consecration and faith where they may be endued with power from on high, and to teach them the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, that they may use it in the power of the Spirit for the healing of the nations.

In every age and place the maintenance of spiritual life and power involves the same fundamental principles. It means self-denial, consecration, fidelity to all duty, prayer, and the hidden life of faith. These are not matters of which one may speak or boast. The best will feel humbled that he comes so far short of his ideal, but we do thank God for the tokens of spiritual life among us, and that in the class before us to-night a great body of young men of the higher consecration, of the true missionary and evangelistic spirit are setting forth to work for the Master. May their courage never fail nor their faith lose its hold.

Perhaps one of the most noteworthy features of the spiritual life of our theological schools is the great development of the missionary spirit. This baptism is not peculiar to Methodism or to our country. The movement of the last four years of this century is world-wide, and reaches all the Churches. It is a universal outpouring of the spirit of missionary consecration. Scores of young men are feeling that they cannot fulfil their divine call in any home field. The millions of China, Japan, India, and Africa are laid upon their hearts, and thither they must go, and by the help of God will go. Does this mean that the century just coming in is to witness the conversion of the whole world to Christ? If so, the most glorious work of all the ages belongs to these young men before us to-night. What zeal, what courage, what patient endurance, what faith, what power they need!

Turning now to the other side of our responsibility we find before us problems demanding the most conscientious labour, the clearest spiritual and intellectual discernment, a far-reaching and comprehensive wisdom, unflinching courage and immovable fidelity to truth. What shall we teach these young men of the future? You say, "The old truth." Agreed. But the man who thinks that this well-worn phrase answers the question of to-day has never grasped the problem involved in the historical conditions of our age. We want indeed "the old truth," the truth of Christ and the Apostles, the truth of which Moses and the prophets laid the foundation and taught the world the first principles, that Word of God which is "living and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and a discerner of the thought and intents of the heart."

But some men seem to forget that for more than fifteen hundred years that truth has been put up in constantly changing forms of human speculation and philosophy, in doctrines and theologies of men, all containing much precious truth, most of them containing enough for the soul's salvation, each of

them shaped to the peculiar bent of the mind of the age, and perhaps fairly well adapted to their modes of thought, but each and all hampered by the limitations of the age, and mingled with the misconceptions of the age, and weakened by the errors of the age. Greek Philosophy, Roman Imperialism, Mediaeval Superstition, Scholastic Mysticism, Aristotelian logical form have each left their stamp upon our dogmatic forms; and the theology of the Reformation in the sixteenth century and the theology of Methodism in the eighteenth were each a revolt from the imperfection and error of a preceding age. But they were not a mere dogmatic revolt. They were new life as well. The old forms had lost their power, had become unfit, had gone down into spiritual as well as intellectual death. That which to a rude age had rudely presented truth, to the succeeding age was only empty form or pernicious error. The Reformation was new spiritual life from the dead. It was new spiritual faith leading men to living communion with God through Christ, as they had not found Him for long years. And the new faith cast away the old error with its dead forms and proceeded to create new forms both of doctrine and service. The new life they received from the old Book and the Divine Spirit, but with the new forms they mingled large drafts of Augustine or Cyprian, moulding all according to the fashion of the thought of their own time.

Already by John Wesley's day these forms had become barren and lifeless or had degenerated into positive errors. The Methodist revival was a baptism of new life, and the new life again cast out much old leaven, returning once more to the old fountains of living truth. But Methodism differed in one important respect from the previous movement. It made no immediate attempt to create new forms either of dogma or service. In forms of service it allowed all the freedom of common-sense controlled by religious spirit. It cast overboard the old ecclesiasticism, and from time to time took such steps of organization as the necessities of spiritual life and work required. The path along which a high churchman like John Wesley was led in this respect was indeed wonderful, and the spirit embodied in the first page of the Minutes of his first Conference with his preachers is worthy of everlasting remembrance.

In the Minutes of the Conference held in 1744, which was not a formal but a purely practical meeting designed, as Wesley says, to "consider how we should proceed to save our own souls and them that heard us," or, as was stated after the meeting had been opened with prayer, "to consider What to teach, How to teach, and What to do, i.e., How to regulate our Doctrine, Discipline, and Practice," we find the following remarkable statement of principles, on the basis of which these ten men united in the first Methodist Conference. "It is desired that all things may be considered as in the immediate presence of God; that we may meet with a single eye and as little children who have everything to learn, that every point may be examined from the foundation, that every person may speak freely whatever is in his heart; and that every question proposed may be fully debated and bolted to the bran." The first preliminary question was then proposed, namely, "How far does each of us agree to submit to the unanimous judgment of the rest?" It was answered, "In speculative things each can only submit so far as his judgment shall

be convinced, in every practical point so far as we can without wounding our consciences."

It was in such a spirit as this that first of all the doctrinal minutes were drawn up, embodying only the essential saving truth of the Gospel. In the same spirit, as may be seen from Mr. Wesley's Introduction, the four volumes of sermons were collected as a standard presentation of these same truths, and finally, with the Notes on the New Testament, inserted in the document by which the property of the Connexion was held. By these standards not so much of dogmatic as of religious truth, by this "Bible way to heaven," as Mr. Wesley called it, Methodism has stood universally faithful, and I think we can say with St. Paul, "We are not ashamed of this Gospel of Christ, for it is still the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." It is as Mr. Wesley has said, opposed to formalism on the one hand, and to antinomian solfidianism on the other. Its clear ethical teaching lays firm hold upon the conscience, its clear grasp of the promises in Christ brings to the heart the true peace of faith, and its witness of the Spirit fills the soul with living love, while its preaching of perfection leads and lifts up into the full stature of Christian manhood. In calling this the old truth we are indeed harking back, not only to the Apostolic age, but to Christ himself.

But while this practical theology serves very fully the needs of the spiritual life, it does not meet the demands of the intellect, which works out from these foundations a complete system of Christian theology. That Mr. Wesley had with his clear logical mind worked out such a system for himself we may very well believe, though he has left us nothing parallel to Calvin's Institutes. He has, however, in various writings worked out for us the Nicene doctrine of the Trinity, the Augustinian doctrine of sin, the Arminian doctrine of grace and free will, and the doctrine of final judgment and eternal rewards and penalties. But however useful and important these presentations of truth may be, he did not seek to impose them beyond the limits of the thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, to which he and the majority of his people and preachers still belonged, and to whose Articles he always felt himself bound. And when he transferred these Articles to the new Church in America it was after a process of pruning which reduced them from thirty-nine to twenty-five, and eliminated even from these many objectionable elements of human philosophy. As these Articles now stand, they bind us to the Church universal on the doctrines of the Trinity, and the person and death and resurrection of Christ. They unite us to Protestantism, and separate us from Romanism on the doctrines of the rule of faith, sin, justification, good works, the Church, the sacraments, and forms of worship; and they separate us from the anarchical sects of various ages, in regard to civil government, rights of property, and judicial testimony before the civil courts.

There can be, we think, no doubt that these are solid foundations, and here again is a body of old truth which we must and do teach with all our hearts. But these foundations, of which we may well be proud, and which are, we think, one and all Apostolic and Scriptural, still leave us a greater freedom than is enjoyed by any other large body of Christians in the construction of a speculative system of theology. Such a system Mr. Wesley had doubtless wrought out for himself, but he would impose it upon his fellow-workers

only "so far as their judgments were convinced." In matters speculative he respected the Protestant right of private judgment. Such a system every age will construct for itself, every school of thought will have its own, and even within the same Church there may grow up more than one such system. In the next generation after Wesley, Methodism began the formation of such a system, and the result we have in the work of Richard Watson. Following him in the next generation we have Hannah, Williams, Banks, Joseph Agar Beet, and, most complete of all, Pope in England; Field in Australia; and Ralston, Raymond, Miley, and Summers in America. With the exception of two brief passages on a single point, subsequently eliminated, these all hold firmly to Wesley's original foundations. But they illustrate very fully in their diversity of treatment and even of speculative opinions, the speculative freedom which it was Mr. Wesley's purpose to maintain. Each one, according to his light and environment, strives to bring the great truths of theology into harmonious relation to the entire best thought of the age. This is the fundamental object of all theological system, the harmony of reason and faith. Such unity is essential to the highest perfection of each, and of the man who in himself includes both. The danger to our spiritual life lies not so much in the failure to construct a perfect system as in the attempt which denies all rights of the rational man, sets up dogma as simply opposed to reason, and attempts to build upon such dogma a safe and permanent religious life. To such a religious life the crisis of conflict must come, and the calm strength of religious faith can never again reach its true perfection until reason and faith are united.

Now this very thing is the problem of all the ages. God in all the ages has revealed Himself to our conscience and to our religious faith, and the result has been a blessed light to guide our way and a blessed strength to support our life. Religion is the highest fruitage of our spiritual being. But at the highest it is the most subject to degeneracy and error. The same God has given us reason with its light, a wonderful and most blessed boon, guiding and blessing and strengthening our life. But it again is subject to degeneracy and error. Presently the two sides of our life come into contrast and conflict, not God's revelation of Himself and God's facts of nature and being, but our interpretation both of the one and the other. And the problem of theology, and it is still the problem of to-day, is to get rid of the errors which produce conflict and to get at the truth which is one. The theologian is too often ready to put all the blame of all the confusion on the scientist and philosopher, and is ever ready to talk of false philosophy and science falsely so called. The scientist and philosopher in his turn is too often ready to consign the theologian and all that he represents to the outer land of darkness and exploded superstitions. But a higher reason will test both and seek patiently and in faith for their hidden unity.

The difficulty of our problem to-day is vastly increased by the demands of the great missionary work which is rolling its responsibility upon us. We are going to-day not to benighted savages, but to the oldest and most subtly intellectual civilizations of the world, civilizations which have thought out and fought out the

questions of philosophy and religion. It is utterly useless to go to them with a conflict between our science and our religion. Like Japan, they will accept our science and reject our religion. To replace at once their ancestral religion and philosophy by our own, we must go to them, as Paul did, with the united strength of reason and revelation, and show that the God of nature who giveth rain and fruitful seasons is the God whose kingdom we preach. It perhaps has been well that for nearly the first century of the great missionary movement we were shut out from China and Japan, and sent to savage nations, until we had grown somewhat more skilful in this work. With this responsibility of the Church's work at home and abroad resting upon us, the course which we have mapped out for ourselves is this :

First of all, earnest and faithful attention to the maintenance of strong spiritual life.

Next. Clear, strong grasp of the old Methodist doctrines of salvation, or, as Wesley terms it, the Bible way to heaven.

Third. Firm adherence to the primitive catholic lines of orthodoxy, and to the distinctive Protestant doctrines of Scriptural authority and evangelical faith, in its Arminian form.

Lastly. Along the lines of fidelity to conviction of truth, of candour in reception of truth, and of faith in the unity and harmony of all truth so clearly laid down by Mr. Wesley himself, we address ourselves to the task demanded by the cry of all more earnest and intelligent minds at home, and by the needs of the work now at our doors abroad, so to perfect our system of developed faith on these old foundations that it will form one grand unity with all the best thought of our time, and thus satisfy at once our own heart and reason, and that we can carry it to the great world of non-Christian nations, not as a divided and discordant thing, but as the united system of truth of a Christian world.

For this great and difficult work we ask not the impatient criticism but the patient sympathy and co-operation of our brethren in all the Church.

GOD SAVE THE STATE.

BY REV. E. S. LEWIS, D.D.

Marching along,—loud swell the song,
Honour and praise to Jehovah proclaim ;
By His decree the flag of the free
Shelters the people who trust in His name.
Broad are the lands where He gave us domain,
Proud our possessions on mountain and plain ;
Strong is our arm, blessings increase —
God of our fathers, Thy smile is our peace !

Hail to our King ! Joyful we sing !
Taught by the Word, we delight in His will ;
Faith is our guide, who shall abide,
Love for our country He keeps in us still.
Fierce glares our foe when His face is unveiled,
Far roars the strife where the truth is assailed ;
Freedom must fight through darkness to light—
Soldiers of Jesus, be strong in His might !

Marching along, valiant and strong,
We follow our Captain with hearts pure and true
Evil is rife, sin seeks our life ;
These are the foes that our hosts must subdue
Bright are the promises beckoning us on,
Lasting our peace when the triumph is won.
God give good-will, banish our hate,
Still guide Thy people, O God ; save the State !

A GREAT CANADIAN INDUSTRY.—LUMBERING.

BY THE EDITOR.

FRENCH CANADIAN VILLAGE ON THE OTTAWA.

Next to its agricultural interests its lumber production is Canada's most important interest, that in which more capital is employed than in any other branch of business, and from which a greater annual revenue is derived. Prof. Leigh R. Gregor, of McGill University, is the authority, in Le Courrier du Livre, for the statement that the annual product of lumber is estimated at over one hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars. The destruction of our forests, it is true, is proceeding at an alarming rate. Fires, which cut off vast numbers of young trees, do even more harm than the lumbermen. The end of the white pine is considered to be within measurable distance. Mr. Macoun, of the Geological Survey, states that twenty-five years ago two hundred thousand square miles of the Algoma district were a solid coniferous forest. To-day this block is completely denuded, chiefly by fire. The same tale must be told of the Rockies and the Selkirks. The loss and waste have been enormous. Nevertheless, Mr. Macoun estimates that we still possess a forest belt which extends from the watershed of Labrador to the mouth of the Mackenzie. In round numbers this belt contains one million, five hundred thousand squares miles of pine, spruce, tamarack, and aspen poplar.

Notwithstanding the immense consumption which has already taken place the forest resources of

Canada are still its grandest heritage and most important asset. Lumbering is one of its most picturesque and romantic operations.

TYPICAL SAW-MILL.

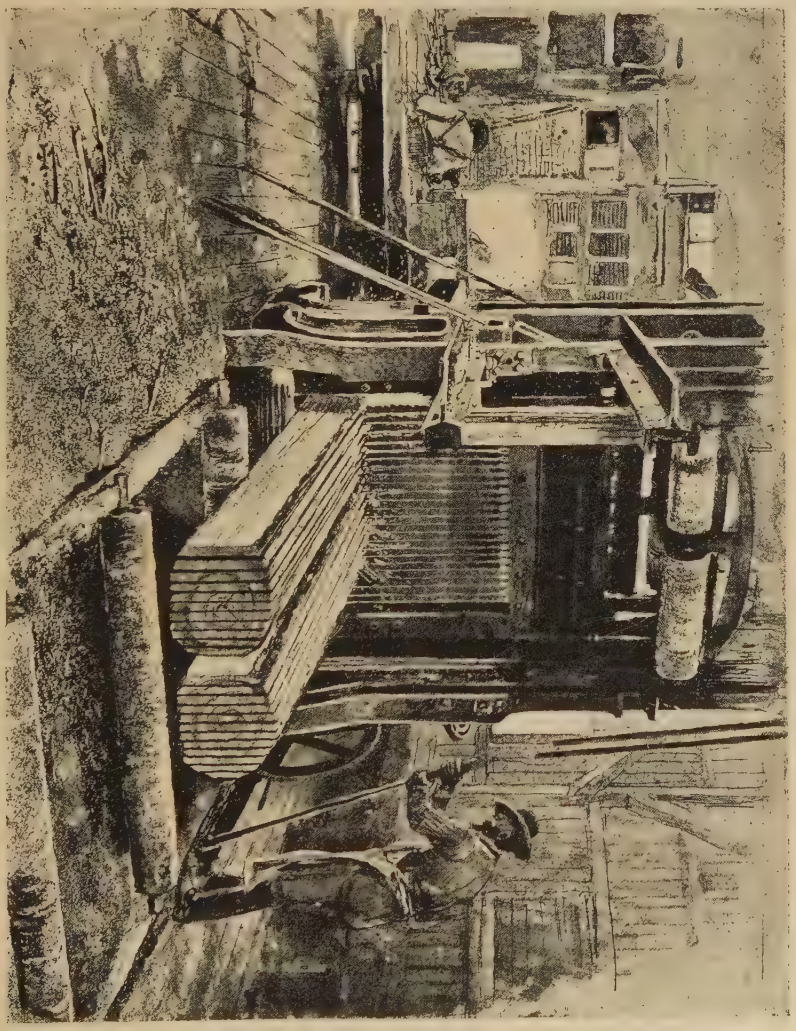
In the great elemental conflict with nature, as in the days of Asaph, "a man is famous according as he has lifted up axes upon the thick trees." In felling the forest, building the rafts and guiding them down the arrowy streams, there is frequent opportunity for stirring adventure and grandest heroism. Great armies of brave men are engaged year after year in this peaceful warfare, often risking and sometimes losing their lives with a chivalry, to our thinking, more grand than his who seeks the bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth.

The great river Ottawa, with its confluent streams, the Rouge, Lievre, Gatineau, Bonnechere, Madawaska, Petewawa, Coulonge, Noire, Moine, and many another, is the chief seat of this most important industry. There are many scores of saw-mills on the Ottawa and its tributaries at which the logs are sawn into lumber. The largest of these are situated at Chaudiere Falls, where the immense water-power is employed to run great gangs of saws, which will cut up a huge log in a marvellously short time. These, in the busy season, run day and night; and the scene when the glittering saws and wet and glistening logs are brilliantly illuminated by the electric light, and are reflected in the flashing waters, is a very remarkable one. But very many of the mills are much smaller, and are situated near the source of supply of timber. In course of time all the timber is used up, when the mill is dismantled and the machinery moved to a new source of supply. The great bulk of the lumbering, however, is done in remote pine forests or timber limits leased by

LOADING LOGS WITH CANT-HOOKS.

"lumber kings" who employ large gangs of lumbermen in getting out the logs at remote lumber camps. Often roads have to be made many miles through the forest for the convenience of transporting supplies for the large force of men used, either exclusively or as auxiliary.

A lumber camp consists generally of a group of buildings forming three sides of a hollow square, the fourth side being open, with a warm, sunny exposure toward the



THE GANG-SAW, WHICH CUTS A LOG INTO MANY PLANKS AT ONE TIME.

and forage for the great number of teams employed. Where it is possible, the mill is built by a stream, for facility in floating the logs and for the purpose of utilizing any water-power available. But very often steam-power is

south. One of these buildings is a strong storehouse for keeping the flour, pork, tea, sugar, and other supplies required for one or two hundred men for half a year. There is also ample stabling for the numerous teams of horses

employed. The most important building is the "shanty" or boarding-house for the men. Instead of being, as its name might imply, a frail structure, it is a large, strongly-built log-house. The openings between the logs are filled with moss and clay. The windows are very few and small. For this there are three reasons—larger openings would weaken the structure of the house, and let in more cold, and glass is a rather scarce commodity on the Upper Ottawa. The whole interior is one large room. The most conspicuous object is a huge log fire-place or platform, like an ancient altar, in the centre of the floor. It is covered with earth and blackened embers, and is often surrounded by a protecting border of cobble stones. Immediately over it an opening in the roof gives vent to the smoke, although in the dull weather much of it lingers among the rafters, which fact gives them a rather sombre appearance.

Around the wall are rude "bunks" or berths like those in a ship, for the accommodation of the shantymen. A few exceedingly solid-looking benches, tables and shelves, made with backwoodsman skill, with no other instrument than an axe and auger, are all the furniture visible. Some wooden pegs are driven in the wall to support the guns, powder-horns, shot-pouches, and extra clothing of the men. Over the doorway is, perhaps, fastened a large deer's head with branching antlers. The house is warm and comfortable, but with nothing like privacy for the men.

A BIG LOAD.

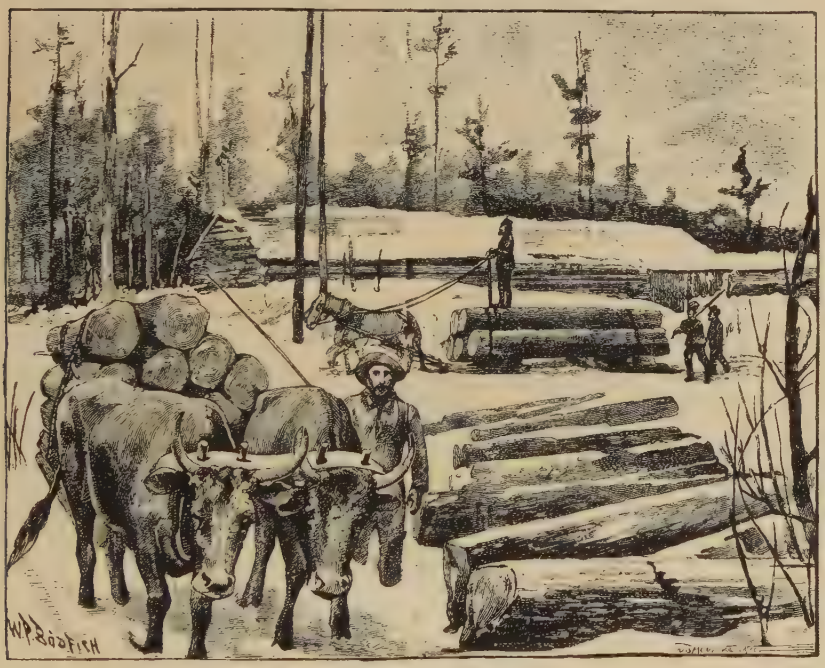
The other buildings are similarly constructed and roofed with logs split and partially hollowed out.

During the fine weather the cooking is done at a camp-fire in the court-yard, but in winter at the huge hearth in the shanty. A large log hollowed into a trough catches rain water, while for cooking purposes a spring near at hand suffices.

On the walls of the stable one will see, perchance, stretched out, dried by the sun, stained by the weather and torn by the wind, the skins of several polecats, weasels, and other vermin—evidence of the prowess of the stable boys and a warning of the fate which awaits all similar depredators—just as the Danish pirates, when captured by the Saxons, were flayed and their skin nailed to the church doors, as a symbol of the stern justice meted out in the days of the Heptarchy.

The camp is soon a scene of activity. The stores are safely housed and padlocked. Each workman stores away his "kit" under his berth or on a shelf or peg above it. Axes are sharpened on a large grindstone, and when necessary fitted with new helves, and every one is prepared for a winter campaign against the serried array of forest veterans. Such are the general arrangements adopted for carrying out the great national industry of Canada.

The stately trunks rise like a pillared colonnade, "each fit to be the mast of some high admiral."



THE LUMBER CAMP.

The pine needles make an elastic carpet under foot, and the bright sunlight streams down through the openings of the forest, flecking the ground with patches of gold. The stalwart axemen select each his antagonist in this life-and-death duel with the ancient monarchs of the forest. The scanty brushwood is cleared. The axes gleam brightly in the air. The measured strokes fall thick and fast, awaking strange echoes in the dim and dis-

tant forest aisles. The white chips fly through the air, and ghastly wounds gape in the trunks of the ancient pines. Now a venerable forest chief shivers through all his branches, sways for a moment in incertitude, like blind Ajax fighting with his unseen foe, then, with a shuddering groan, totters and reels crashing down, shaking the earth and air in his fall. As he lies there, a prostrate giant that had wrestled with the storms of a hundred winters, felled by the hand of man in a single hour, the act seems a sort of tree murder.

The fallen trees are cut into logs of suitable length by huge saws worked by couples of brawny sawyers. When the snow falls these are drawn to the river side by sturdy teams of oxen. The logs are loaded on the sleds by being rolled up an inclined plane formed by a pair of "skids." A stout chain is attached to the sled and passed around the log, and a pair of oxen tug at the other end of the chain till the unwieldy mass, sometimes it weighs nearly a ton, is hauled on to the sled. This heavy work, as may be supposed, is not without danger; and now and then serious accidents occur, when only the rude surgery of the foreman or "boss" is available. Lighter logs are rolled up with cant-hooks.

DRAWING LOGS ON THE ICE.

The lumbering operations are carried on with increased vigour during the winter season. War is waged with redoubled zeal upon the forest veterans, which, wrapping their dark secrets in their breasts and hoary with their covering of snow, look venerable as Angelo's marble-limbed Hebrew seer. When beneath repeated blows of the axe, like giants stung to death by gnats, they totter and fall, the feathery flakes fly high in

air, and the huge trunks are half buried in the drifts. Then, sawn into logs or trimmed into spars, they are dragged with much shouting and commotion by the straining teams to the river brink, or out on its frozen surface, to be carried down by the spring freshets toward their distant destination.

At last the spring comes to the lumber camp. The days grow long and bright and warm. The ice on the river becomes sodden and water-logged, or breaks up into great cakes beneath the rising water. The snow on the upland rapidly melts away, and the utmost energy is employed in getting down the logs to the river before it entirely disappears. The harsh voice of the blue jay is heard screaming in the forest, and its bright form is seen flitting about in the sunlight. The blithe note of the robin rings through the air. A green flush creeps over the trees, and then suddenly they burgeon out into tender leafage. The catkins of the birch and maple shower down upon the ground. A warm south wind blows, bringing on its wings a copious rain. The rivers rise several feet in a single night. Perchance a timber boom breaks with the strain upon it, and thousands of logs go racing and rushing, like maddened herds of seahorses, down the stream. Generally the heavy boom below holds firm, and they are all retained. Occasionally a log jam occurs.

AT SET OF SUN.

It is a grand and exciting sight to see the logs shooting the rapids. As they glide out of the placid water above, they are drawn gradually into the swifter rush of the river. They approach a ledge where, in unbroken glassy current, the stream pours over the rock. On they rush, and, tilting quickly

up on end, make a plunge like a diver into the seething gulf below. After what seems to the spectator several minutes' submergence, they rise with a bound partially above the surges, struggling "like a strong swimmer in his agony" with the stormy waves. Now they rush full tilt against an iron rock that, mid-stream, challenges their right to pass, and are hurled aside, shuddering, bruised, and shattered from the encounter. Some are broken in twain. Others are shivered into splinters. Others glide by unscathed. Now one lodges in a narrow channel. Another strikes and throws it athwart the stream. Then another and another, and still others in quick succession lodge, and a formidable "jam" is formed. Now a huge log careers along like a bolt from a catapult. It will surely sweep away the obstacle. With a tremendous thud, like a blow of a battering-ram, it strikes the mass, which quivers, grinds, groans, and apparently yields a moment, but is faster jammed than ever. The water rapidly rises and boils and eddies with tenfold rage. In a short time hundreds of the logs are piled up in inextricable confusion.

The "drivers" above have managed to throw a log across the entrance to the rapid to prevent a further run, and now set deliberately about loosening the "jam." With cant-hooks, pike-poles, levers, axes and ropes, they try to roll, pry, chop, or haul out of the way the logs which are jammed together in a seemingly inextricable mass. The work has a terribly perilous look. The jam may at any moment give way, carrying everything before it with resistless force. Yet these men, who appear almost like midgets as compared with its immense mass, swarm over it, pulling, tugging, shoving and shouting with the utmost coolness and daring. Like amphibious animals, they wade into the rushing ice-cold water, and clamber over the slippery logs.

A LOG JAM.

Now an obstructive "stick," as these huge logs are called, is set free. The jam creaks and groans and gives a shove, and the men scamper to the shore. But, no; it again lodges apparently as fast

as ever. At work the men go again, when, lo! a single well-directed blow of an axe relieves the whole jam, exerting a pressure of thousands of tons. It is "Sauve qui peut!" Each man springs to escape. The whole mass goes crashing, grinding, groaning over the ledge.

Is everybody safe? No; one has almost got to the shore when he is caught, by the heel of his iron-studded boot, between two grinding logs. Another moment and he will be swept or dragged down to destruction. A stalwart raftsman, not without imminent personal risk, springs forward and catches hold of his outstretched hands. Another throws his arms around the body of the second, and bracing himself against a rock they all give a simultaneous pull and the imprisoned foot is relieved. And well it is so, for at that moment the whole wrack goes rushing by. The entire occurrence has taken only a few seconds. These lumbermen need to have a quick eye, firm nerves, and strong thews and sinews, for their lives seem often to hang on a hair.

But what is that lithe and active figure dancing down the rapids on a single log, at the tail of the jam? It is surely no one else than Jean Baptiste, the French shantyman. How he got there no one knows. He hardly knows himself. But there he is, gliding down with arrowy swiftness on a log that is spinning round under his feet with extraordinary rapidity. With the skill of an acrobat or rope-dancer he preserves his balance, by keeping his feet, arms, legs, and whole body in constant motion, the spikes in his boots preventing his slipping. So long as the log is in deep water and keeps clear of rocks and other logs he is comparatively safe.

But, see! he will surely run on that jutting crag! Nearer and nearer he approaches; now for a crash and a dangerous leap!

A "JAM"—CANADA'S TIMBER CROP.

But, no ! he veers off, the strong back-wash of the water preventing the collision. Now the log plunges partly beneath the waves, but by vigorous struggles he keeps his place on its slippery surface. Now his log runs full tilt against another. The shock of the collision shakes him from his feet: he staggers and slips into the water, but in a moment he is out and on his unmanageable steed again. As he glides out into the smooth water below the rapids, a ringing cheer goes up from his comrades, who have been watching with eager

Each log in these "drives" bears the brand of its owner, and they float on together, to be arrested by the huge boom, and there sorted out to their several owners. The long spars and square timber intended for exportation are made up into "drams," as they are called. These consist of a number of "sticks" of pine, oak, elm, or ash, lashed side by side. They are kept together by means of "traverses" or cross pieces, to which the "sticks" are bound by stout withes of ironwood or hickory,

BREAKING A LOG JAM.

eyes his perilous ride. They had not cheered when the jam gave way, ending their two hours' strenuous effort. But at Baptiste's safety, irrepressibly their shouts burst forth. With the characteristic grace of his countrymen, he returns the cheer by a polite bow, and seizing a floating handspike that had been carried down with the wrack, he paddles toward the shore. As he nears it he springs from log to log till he stands on solid ground. Shaking himself like a Newfoundland dog, he strides up the bank to receive the congratulations of his comrades.

made supple by being first soaked in water and then twisted in a machine and wound around an axle, by which means the fibres are crushed and rendered pliable. The "drams" are made just wide enough to run through the timber slides. On the long, smooth reaches of the river they are fastened together so as to make a large raft, which is impelled on its way by the force of the current, assisted by huge oars, and, when the wind is favourable, by sails. In running the rapids, or going through the slides, the raft is again separated into its constituent

"drams." On the "cabin dram" is built the cook's shanty, with its stores of pork, bread, and biscuit. When all is ready the raft is loosed from its moorings, and with a cheer from the men, glides down the stream. It is steered by huge "sweeps" or oars, about twelve yards long. The crew are, of course, delighted at the prospect of returning to the precincts of civilization, though to many of them that means squandering their hard-earned wages in prodigal dissipation and riot.

DOWN AT THE BOOM.

The voyage down the river is generally uneventful but not monotonous. The bright sunlight and pure air seem to exhilarate like wine. The raftsmen dance and caper and sing "En roulant me boule," and,

"Ah! que l'hiver est long!
Dans les chantiers nous hivernerons!"

Running the rapids is an exciting episode not devoid of a spice of danger. With the increasing swiftness of the current the water assumes a glazed or oily appearance. Objects on the shore fly backward more rapidly. The oars at bow and stern are more heavily manned. Right ahead are seen the white seething "boilers" of the rapids. With a rush the dram springs forward and plunges into the breakers which roar like sea monsters for their prey. The waves break over in snowy foam.

The shock knocks half the men off their feet. They catch hold of the traverse to avoid being washed overboard. The dram shudders throughout all its timbers, and the withes groan and creak as if they would burst asunder under the strain. The brown rocks gleam through the waves as they flash past. Soon the dram glides out into smooth water. The white-crested billows race behind like horrid monsters of Scylla, gnashing their teeth in rage at the escape of their prey.

The great caldron of the Chaudiere, in which the strongest dram would be broken like matchwood,

is passed by means of the Government timber slides—long sloping canals, with timber sides and bottoms, down which the drams glide with immense rapidity. Sometimes they jam with a fearful collision. But such accidents are rare.

This is the way Canada's great timber harvest seeks the sea. At Quebec the rafts are broken up and the "sticks" are hauled through timber ports in the bows of the vessels that shall bear it to the markets of the Old World.

RAFTING ON THE MATTAWA.

THE NORTH-WEST—CANADA.

BY MOIRA O'NEILL.

Oh would ye hear, and would ye hear
  Of the windy, wide North-West?
Faith! 'tis a land as green as the sea,
That rolls as far and rolls as free,
With drifts of flowers so many there be,
  Where the cattle roam and rest.

Oh could ye see, and could ye see
  The great gold skies so clear,
The rivers that race through the pine shade dark,
  The mountainous snows that take no mark,
Sun-lit and high on the Rockies stark,
  So far they seem as near.

Then could ye feel, and could ye feel
  How fresh is a western night;
When the long land breezes rise and pass
And sigh in the rustling prairie grass,
When the dark blue skies are clear as glass,
  And the same old stars are bright.

But could ye know and forever know
  The word of the young North-West!
A word she breathes to the true and bold,
A word misknown to the false and cold,
A word that never was spoken or sold,
  But the one that knows is blest.

Blackwood.

METHODISM IN EASTERN CANADA.*

BY THE REV. ROBERT WILSON, D.D.

The territory referred to in this paper as Eastern Canada includes the provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland, and the Bermudas. The last two are not as yet members of the Canadian Confederation, but doubtless will be at no distant day, as the tendency of the times is to bring together under one central authority communities of kindred origin and interest. While all these have much in common, there is sufficient diversity in their history, physical features, and varied resources to render their study both attractive and profitable.

New Brunswick was largely settled by people from Massachusetts and other Eastern States of the American Union. A few had come before the War of the Revolution, and made their home on the St. John river, about fifty miles from its mouth; but the greater number came after the conclusion of that unhappy conflict. Having been brought up under the British flag, and strongly attached to British institutions, they refused to take the oath of allegiance to the new republic, and sought homes in the wilds of New Brunswick. Even those who differ with them as to the merits of the quarrel between the motherland and the revolted colonies cannot but admire that loyalty to conviction which led to their making such sacrifices for what they believed to be right. These settled at the mouth of the St. John river, and there founded the important city of that name, which has now a population of fifty thousand inhabitants.

Nova Scotia possesses three places of great historic interest. Next to Quebec in strength and strategical force was Louisburg, for the possession of which immense expenditure in men and means was made by both Great Britain and France. Halifax is a strongly defended naval station, with a magnificent harbour, dry-docks, citadel, and other forts. The Annapolis Valley is a region of rare beauty and wonderful productiveness, and was the scene of the expulsion of the Acadians, immortalized by Longfellow in the touching story of "Evangeline." It is indeed a delightsome land, and presents the appearance of one vast orchard, whose apple and other blossoms in the springtime fill the air with delicious perfume, and whose fruits in the autumn are rich and abundant.

Prince Edward Island, known as "The Garden of the Gulf," with the exception of a few French settlements, was peopled from the Old Country, whole communities being composed of English, Scotch, or Irish, as the case might be. In certain sections the prevailing names at once indicate not only the nationality of the people, but the particular localities from which they or their parents came. One neighbourhood was peopled by emigrants from the Channel Islands, and the names De Jersey, Lelacheur, Le Marchant, Le Messurier, and others, connect them with the Gallic race.

The people of Newfoundland and the Bermudas are much more British in their manners, customs, and habits of life than those of the other provinces. This arises from the geographical proximity of the first named to the motherland, and

* From the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.*

to the fewness of those who have gone elsewhere in search of homes; and, in the other, from its being a great military and naval centre. The resources of Newfoundland in timber, minerals, and fish are great indeed; and when France abandons certain treaty claims, and the island becomes a part of the Dominion of Canada, a new and brighter era will dawn upon her.

With the exception of a few thousand Acadian French, a much smaller number of Indians of the Micmac and Milicite tribes, and the coloured inhabitants of Bermuda, the population of Eastern Canada is overwhelmingly and distinctively British in every sense of the term, and there is no foreign element.

The orthodox faith is all but universally accepted. The adherents of the Unitarian, Universalist, Swedenborgian, and Spiritualist beliefs are so few and far apart, that in several provinces they have neither minister nor church. Frequent efforts have been made to secure a foothold, but so far these have not succeeded. Outside of the Roman Catholic Church the people may be said to be Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Baptist, or Methodist, with a few Congregational churches, the first four pretty evenly dividing among them the entire Protestant population.

While many of the customs and usages of Methodism in Western Canada indicate an American origin and an Episcopal bias, that of the East indicates just as clearly a British lineage and a Presbyterian polity. The founders of our cause here were Wesleyans, and in their style of preaching, in their methods of work, and in the ecclesiastical system built up they closely followed the pattern set them beyond the sea. Methodists from the Old Country felt themselves at home at once. To bring about the union of the several sections of Canadian Methodism, modifications were made in matters of polity and procedure, and the time-honoured name of the Church was given up —for all unions are based on compromise and concession. But in every essential thing we are treading in the footsteps of our fathers, and are conscientiously seeking to be faithful to the trust reposed in us. We are minding the same things, we are walking by the same rules, meeting with similar successes, and can still say with glad and grateful hearts, "The best of all is, God is with us."

Methodism in Newfoundland dates back to A.D. 1765, when Lawrence Coughlan, one of Wesley's preachers, began to "spread Scriptural holiness throughout the land." Small and feeble were the beginnings, grave were the difficulties, and discouraging the outlook. The people were few and widely separated, travelling was on foot or by boat, and the climate was inhospitable. But God was with His servant, the people heard him gladly, his labours were abundantly blessed, and a mighty outpouring of the Spirit was realized. The good work spread in all directions, and nowhere else perhaps, all things considered, has Methodism won greater triumphs or exerted a healthier influence than in Britain's most ancient colony.

The name of William Black is inseparably associated with the Methodism of Nova Scotia. This truly apostolic man belonged to one of a number of English Methodist families who settled in the neighbourhood of Amherst. No sooner was he himself converted than he was desirous of saving others, and on November 10, 1781, he left his father's house to tell the story of the cross to his spiritually neglected fellow countrymen. The youth and earnestness of the

preacher, the novelty of the doctrines he preached, and the divine power which accompanied his utterances produced a profound impression. The work spread rapidly, societies being organized, helpers raised up, places of worship erected, and the foundations for future successes were laid on a firm and enduring basis.

Mr. Black visited Prince Edward Island in 1782, where he found Benjamin Chappell, the first Methodist who had made the island his home. Mr. Black's experience was exceptional, for though he was treated courteously, he saw no direct results of his efforts. Subsequent visits were, however, more successful, and the prayer of the penitent was followed by the praises of the pardoned. Charlottetown, Bedeque, and Murray Harbour became centres of interest, and Methodist influence there has continued to grow stronger and stronger as the years have gone by. This may be gathered from the fact that more than one-third of all the ministers of the New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Conference are from this interesting neighbourhood.

While Bermuda was visited by Whitefield as early as 1748, and thirty-five years later by Duncan M'Coll, the first appointment of a preacher thereto was John Stephenson in 1792. He was a plain, blunt, honest Irishman of the old school, who called things by their proper names, and hesitated not to denounce prevailing vices. Obstacles of the most formidable character were encountered. Not only was the missionary opposed by "the baser sort," but by the so-called better class as well. The hostility of the Episcopal Church was most determined, and laws were enacted for the express purpose of silencing the fearless preacher. For daring to disobey an unrighteous law he had to spend six months in gaol and pay a fine of fifty pounds. For five years after his departure the little flock he had gathered was left shepherdless and uncared for, when Joshua Marsden appeared upon the scene and began anew the work of reformation. To tabulate spiritual results anywhere is impossible; but even to guess at them in such a place as Bermuda would be worse than useless.

In New Brunswick the name of Duncan M'Coll is lovingly remembered. He was a Scotchman by birth, an Episcopalian in belief, and a soldier by profession. During the War of the Revolution he saw some serious service, and his all but miraculous escapes led to his entire consecration to God. Having settled in St. Stephen, he opened his house for worship, and preached to his friends and neighbours the truth as it is in Jesus. Many were awakened and saved. Though not as yet connected with the Methodist Church, he had learned how converts were cared for by them, and knowing as a military man the value of order and discipline, he formed them into societies. He identified himself with the Methodists, and his name appeared in the ministerial roll in the Minutes of the Conference for 1793. Partly on account of the delicate health of his wife, and partly on account of the great influence he wielded in that section of country, he was not required to itinerate. For thirty-four years he was regularly appointed to St. Stephen, and during that time had the sole supervision of the work in that region. But he did not confine himself to his circuit. He was "in labours more abundant," and "his word was with power."

St. John, the city of the Loyalists, the commercial capital of the province, was visited in 1791 by

John Abraham Bishop, another of Wesley's helpers. He was a native of the island of Jersey, a singularly good man, and a very successful preacher. The cause grew rapidly, and exactly three months from the opening of his mission a building previously occupied by the Episcopalians as a church was secured and set apart for the use of the "people called Methodists." The Methodists of St. John now worship in eight fine churches, besides several mission halls; and despite some terrible visitations by fire, which sorely crippled them financially, occupy to-day no second position.

For about three-quarters of a century the cause made steady and substantial progress. Many ministers came from the motherland, and others were raised up in the congregations under their care. Churches and parsonages were erected, denominational literature widely circulated, and means were devised for higher education. Meanwhile important changes took place in the political and social condition of the people. A more liberal spirit prevailed among Christians of different names. Old animosities were dying out, and more of Christ and less of sect was a growing feeling. Population had largely increased. Instead of the tangled wildwood was the fruitful field, a large amount of wealth was invested in shipping, and of real poverty there was very little.

The churches participated in the public prosperity, and none more so than the Methodist. To such proportions had she attained, and with such varied interests had she become identified, that a change in her relations with the mother Church at home was deemed necessary to carry on with yet greater efficiency the work in which she was engaged. That change was effected in 1855, when the Methodism of Eastern Canada was organized into a Conference under the name of "The Wesleyan Methodist Connexion or Church of Eastern British America." Though practically independent, the supremacy of the British Conference was still recognized, that body reserving to itself the right to approve or disapprove of the man chosen by his brethren to fill the presidential chair, or to send one of their ministers to do so. The right of disapproval was never exercised, and the power to appoint a president on only four occasions, when the Rev. William Boyce, John Scott, William L. Thornton, and Dr. Punshon brought to us the kindly greetings of the Mother Church. But that Church sent us more than kindly greetings and wise counsels; she sent financial aid as well. For a number of years large sums of money were granted by the Missionary Society towards the support of the work; and to prevent injury to the cause by the sudden withdrawal of that support, the grant was gradually lessened year by year.

Five branches of the Methodist family had established themselves in Canada—the Wesleyan, New Connexion, Primitive, Bible Christian, and Methodist Episcopal; all of British origin except the last named. On account of the unnecessary expenditure of means, and the unhealthy rivalry too often created, to the great injury of the common cause, a strong desire was developed to bring them together. The first step in this direction was taken in 1874, when the Wesleyans and New Connexion Methodists joined hands and formed "The Methodist Church of Canada," by which a complete separation from the parent bodies in Britain became necessary. A General Conference was organized, its chief officer being

the Rev. Egerton Ryerson, LL.D., who was styled "President," and in which ministers and laymen sat in equal numbers. The territory formerly occupied by the Conference of Eastern British America was divided into three Annual Conferences: Nova Scotia, which included Bermuda; New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island; and Newfoundland, including Labrador. During the nineteen years of semi-independence the circuits had increased from 70 to 181, the ministers and probationers from 89 to 218, and the membership from 13,723 to 20,880.

Ten years later a larger union was effected by the coming in of the Primitive, Bible Christian, and Methodist Episcopal denominations. To arrange the details satisfactorily, and to meet the demands of the several sections, was no easy matter; but the wisdom profitable to direct was granted. Subsequent events have fully justified the course then taken, for the union has been a great success.

The chief officers of the Church were to be styled General Superintendents. The first appointees were the Rev. Samuel Dwight Rice, D.D., of the old Wesleyan Conference, and the Rev. Albert Carman, D.D., who before the union had been the bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Each Annual Conference was still to have its president, elected from among its ministerial members, who was to occupy the chair at alternate sessions with the General Superintendent when that officer would be present. Laymen were admitted in equal numbers with the ministers to the Annual Conferences, and given the right to vote on all questions save and except those of distinctively ministerial concern.

During the last quarter of a century the population of Eastern Canada has not greatly increased. The tendency of the times is to gravitate towards the great centres. To retain the young people on the farm is no easy matter, for the better educated seek to enter the professions, while those who have been less fortunate in this respect seek employment in the factories. As our country has offered but a limited field for either of these classes, they have gone elsewhere, to our disadvantage and not infrequently to their own. Then the prairies had greater attractions for the agriculturally inclined than our heavily timbered lands, and especially in view of the free grants made to settlers in those rich wheat-producing regions. Availing themselves of these offers, many of our people have sought homes in Manitoba, the Northwest Territories, and in British Columbia, while many others have gone to the United States. This has seriously affected our growth as a Church, not only by the direct losses we have sustained, but by the narrowing of the field in which to operate. The exodus has not been confined to the laity, for during that period we have lost by removals and retirements about one hundred and fifty ministers and probationers. But despite these drawbacks our records show an aggregate of two hundred and seventy circuits and missions, more than three hundred ministers, over two thousand local preachers and class-leaders, about forty thousand communicants, with a Sunday-school membership of nearly fifty thousand.

Though comparatively few of the Methodists of Eastern Canada are very poor, fewer still are very rich. Indeed, there is not a single millionaire among them, and the number of the really wealthy can easily be counted. To those therefore of limited means we have had to look for financial support; and as it was from the penny a week

and the shilling a quarter that the funds were furnished with which early Methodism carried on her work, so it is still from the many smaller contributions, and not from the few princely donors, that the treasury is replenished. Compared with what is given elsewhere our givings seem small, but looked at in the light of the foregoing remarks they are fairly respectable. Our Supernumerary Fund has an invested capital of over eighty thousand dollars, which we are now raising to one hundred thousand; our church property amounts to over two million five hundred thousand dollars; more than six hundred thousand dollars are invested in our educational institutions; and for the several connexional interests there was raised last year the very creditable amount of about three hundred thousand dollars. Our costliest church edifices—the beautiful Centenary, St. John, New Brunswick, a massive stone structure, and the one at Marysville, in the same province, a wooden one, and a perfect gem—were built for less than eighty thousand and sixty thousand dollars respectively.

Our people here early recognized the need of publishing agencies, and out of that grew the book and publishing establishment at Halifax. Compared with the great houses in London and New York, or even with the one in Toronto, ours is a small affair, for our constituency is not large. But no one can form any adequate idea of the vast amount of good that has been accomplished during the more than fifty years of its history by means of the weekly visits of a sound scriptural paper, and by the many excellent books and periodicals sent out therefrom.

In educational work we have endeavoured to carry out as far as possible the traditional policy of Methodism, and for more than half a century the Mount Allison Institution, and for a shorter period the College in St. John's, Newfoundland, have been doing excellent work for Church and State. Thousands of young men, who are now in our own and in other lands filling the highest positions in society, received their training in these well-known seats of learning. Thousands, too, of young women, who now as wives and mothers adorn and bless our homes, look back with pleasure to the time spent amid the good influences of their student days. But the most important part of the work has been the preparation of hundreds of candidates for the ministry. Recognizing the need for men fully equipped for effective service—men fully armed for successful combat with the enemies of the truth, and able to defend the faith once delivered to the saints—we have furnished the means for intellectual culture amid the most healthful surroundings. And it is a matter for pardonable pride that the men who are carrying on the work here, or those in other lands and in other communions who are telling the old, old story, are furnishing the best proof of the high character of the instruction received at our institutions.

Such is our estimate of the Methodism of Eastern Canada. We have sought alike to avoid laudation on the one hand and depreciation on the other. For the successes of the past we are thankful; to the future we look with much hope. Great possibilities lie before us, great responsibilities rest upon us, and great things are expected from us. With our equipments for effective service, and with opportunities for work abundantly provided, the richest experiences of the "former times" may be confidently counted upon.

St. John, N.B., Canada.

PLACE YOUR HAND IN THE KING'S.

BY S. JEAN WALKER.

Suggested by the historical allusion with which Bishop Fowler introduced his appeal for the Twentieth Century Fund.

Place your hand in the King's and fealty swear:
"My Liege, low before Thee my all do I bear.
I yield Thee myself and whatever is mine,
Whatever, wherever, dear Lord, I am Thine."

Place your hand in the King's. Your fealty give:
"Henceforth, my loved Master, for Thee I shall live,
To work and to fight 'gainst the thraldom of sin,
And through Thee and for Thee I surely shall win."

Place your hand in the King's and fealty swear
To gladly the badge of loved servitude wear.
Then into the battle plunge boldly and strong,
With love and with courage to fight 'gainst the wrong.

Place your hand in the King's. Pledge fealty true.
"To fight 'neath thy banner with strength, Lord, endue!
When, 'Lo! I am with you,' bids doubts and fears cease,"
Then girded with power spread the gospel of peace.

Place your hand in the King's. Your fealty vow.
Pledge your service, your love, and wealth even now.
Hear the slogan cry for the century's close,
Arouse, don your armour to meet all its foes.

Place your hand in the King's. Pledge fealty leal,
Two millions of souls for the Master to seal,
Of gold "twenty millions," the goal we proclaim,
We'll wave palms of victory, thus honour His name.

Thamesville, Ont. —*Zion's Herald.*

"PUT THY HANDS BETWEEN THE KING'S HANDS."*

BY BISHOP C. H. FOWLER.

When William the Conqueror undertook a campaign for the conquest of a new district in England, he would send for the earls and lords whose help he especially needed. They would put their hands between his hands, saying, "We put our hands between your hands, to be your true men and loyal for this campaign."

The Board of Bishops has called upon the Methodist Episcopal Church to make a great forward movement for widening the kingdom of Jesus Christ in this world, to bring a great offering into His treasury as an expression of our

* Appeal of the Twentieth Century Thank-offering Commission of the Methodist Episcopal Fund of the United States.

gratitude—a "Twentieth Century Thank-Offering" for the rich and unnumbered blessings He has poured upon us as a Church during this nineteenth century now closing. We are called from every plain and valley, from every hilltop and mountain side, from every city and hamlet, from every hearth and home, to come up to the camp of our King and put our hands between the King's hands, to be His true men and loyal for this campaign.

TWO MILLION CONVERTS AND TWENTY MILLIONS OF MONEY.

This is the call. Like an electric engine, it can run either end forward. With the converts the money will come. With the money the converts will come. "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in Mine house, and prove Me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it" (Mal. 3. 10).

Methodism came into this century few in numbers, poor in worldly possessions, and meagre in scholarship, having only 288 ministers, 64,894 members, but little church property, and only the ashes of one college. She goes out of the century in sixteen great bands or denominations, having 38,352 travelling ministers, 6,213,425 members, with numberless universities, theological seminaries, and colleges, and over $250,000,000 of church property. She came into this century strong in courage, rich in faith, and invincible in sacrifice. It behooves us to see to it that our particular denomination goes not out of this century weak in courage, poor in faith, or cowardly in sacrifice. As Paul boasted of being "a Hebrew of the Hebrews," good blood on both sides of the house, so we are the sons and daughters of double martyrs,—martyrs for the Church they created and defended, and martyrs for the country they redeemed and delivered—heroic blood on both sides of the house. We have no moral right to be little or mean or timid. Sprung from a royal ancestry, like the wise men from the East, we must bring royal gifts and lay them at the feet of our Redeemer.

We are in a great conflict, handling and handled by vast energies. Working with the limitless forces of steam, lightning, and light, and redeeming time down to the millionth part of a second, and measuring distances down to the millionth part of an inch, we cannot loiter by the century with Methuselah, nor wander aimlessly in the desert with Abraham. We are risen into divine times, when a day is as a thousand years. And our achievements must fit into our environment. May the God of our fathers put upon us a just measure of our responsibilities, and help us to put our hands between the King's hands!

Great as have been our blessings during this century, the meagreness of the results of the last years calls us to thoughtfulness and prayer, and to humiliation. God never cools in love, nor lags in desire, nor weakens in power. His arm is not shortened that He cannot save. We must candidly look to ourselves for the explanation of our failures. Even Jesus, in His own country, "did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief." May not the Saviour be standing in our midst, weeping and saying, "Ye will not come unto me that ye may have life?"

Methodism has marched up to her present vantage-ground on her knees, by the altar of prayer and by the mourner's bench. In

scholarship, in wealth, and in social prestige she has been surpassed in each of these respects by some sister denomination. These elegant sisters, beautiful in their equipment, like the lithe hare, were well through the race when Methodism, like the clumsy tortoise, was trundling along on her knees. God gave her the secret of success in prayer. Her victory is from supernatural forces. If she exchanges the Word of authority for the rhetoric of the preacher, and the penitent's bench for the professor's desk, and the faith of the itinerant for the conceit of the higher critic, and the supernatural power of the Holy Spirit for the hesitating formulas of mere human reasoning, she must part company with impulsive Peter and resistless Paul, and drop back to sulk with doubting Thomas, or do worse with poor Judas Iscariot. She must persist in her time-honoured and God-honoured revivals, which have saved her own millions, chiefly captured as trophies from the enemy, and have saved a large per cent. of the other millions of Protestantism. She must keep her penitent's altar quivering with divine power; for a Church without saving power will soon be a Church without a divine Saviour. Back to your knees and to your altars, O Methodism! Send up the agonizing cry from every church and from every family altar. Two million converts in the two remaining years before the century closes. As John Knox stood all night on his calloused knees, crying, "Give me Scotland, or I die," so let us cry unto God mightily, "Give us two million converts before this century closes." "Put thy hands between the King's hands."

Methodism is losing parts of her domain on each side. Like an island in a divided current, she must protect herself on both sides with piers and breakwaters. On one side workers in the submerged tenth are doing the work that once made Methodism rich in converts and saints. On the other side, in the upper tenth, many clever souls are satisfied with a system that seems to have but little of the cross in its Christianity, and are thus drifting from our altars. Some new baptism of power is needed for these souls, that would satisfy every want of the heart with the fulness of a perfect redemption and a perfect Redeemer. Some new baptism of labour is needed to so push our membership out into all fields that there would remain no unreached submerged tenth. Methodism must not allow her candle to be burned at both ends.

What are the spirit and power of the main body of the Church itself? There are signs for anxiety at the top and the bottom; is the trunk sound and well?

The Epworth League, providentially created, is a great, energetic section of the Church. Full of labour and stirred with zeal, may it not be that a stronger bent toward spiritual results would make the results of this vast machine, in many places, more substantial and actual? In many chapters these much-to-be-desired literary and social forces await the touch of a higher life and the light of a more single eye. This vast force may be easily brought into magnificent shape to be used for higher designs. It has been fashioned into beauty and symmetry by the great artificer, the Church. But it can have the touch of the infinite Father and the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. If in answer to the prayer and faith of the Church it can be filled with the Holy Spirit, it will rise to its highest field of activity and lift the whole Church into a higher life, full of uncounted

conquests for the coming century. Sons and daughters of the Church, hosts of the Epworth League, put your hands between the hands of the King for a new, a spiritual campaign.

Let me speak to the great hosts of the rank and file of our membership. Is it not true that many live on and on in the Church on a plane below their privilege? Are there not many who fail of the rich assurance of faith that comes from the witness of the Spirit? They plod on, hoping for a better experience, hungry in heart, yet never actually having a satisfactory experience. Many who would be glad to have the deep certainty of God's witnessing Spirit? Hear me. This great doctrine and experience form the purpose for which Methodism was called into being. We are in the world to teach and illustrate a knowable religion. The world was full, in the days of Wesley, with Old Testament believers, who had only a hope of a hope. God wanted a Church with a knowable experience. So He called John Wesley to teach a conscious salvation. Wherever he and his followers went men rose up and said, "I feel that I am a sinner." Then they testified, "I feel that my sins are all forgiven;" "The Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins;" "God for Christ's sake hath forgiven my sins."

This is the mission of Methodism. And her power is in proportion to the clearness of the testimony of her witnesses. She teaches free agency. She teaches justification by faith. She teaches the necessity of both faith and works; but these are not the distinguishing doctrines of Methodism. The great doctrine of Methodism is the doctrine of the witness of the Spirit. This is that supernatural fire that strangely warmed John Wesley's heart. This is that inborn sense, down deep in consciousness, deeper than logic, more certain than reasoning, that we are accepted of God, whereby we cry, "Abba, Father." This enables one, who is cast down and penitent, lying on his face and praying for pardon, suddenly to look up into the face of God as to a father. This is that power that banishes fear, and gives one that quiet, cuddling home feeling down in the heart. This is the assurance of peace that endues with power. This is the supreme verdict which alone can face the judgment bar. Nothing less is safe.

Have you this witness? Brother, ask yourself; sister, ask yourself, "Have I this all-satisfying witness?" I am on trial for my soul. My case is being made up. The jury will soon go out. Its verdict is final. I must know beyond a doubt what their verdict will be. It will either set me free to walk with open face and glad heart about the city of God, with the good and great of all ages forever, or it will assign me to that lone land where mercy and hope never come. I cannot trust my own judgment; I am little, ignorant, often and easily deceived, much prejudiced; I may be wrong; I must have an infallible testimony. This I may have in the witness of the Holy Spirit. Beloved, have you this witness of the Spirit? You may have. Pray mightily that this may come to you and be the rich enduement of power for the whole Church. With this clear witness all minor questions will be settled. It will settle all questions of grade in the ministry, except the grade of divine power. You will be led into all truth. Your path will grow brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

This is the supreme gift. Jesus said, "It is expedient for you that I go away." What could make

it expedient for the infant Church to have Jesus leave them? He had been all things unto them. He had been to them the Peasant of Nazareth, Prophet of God, Son of God, and God over all, blessed for evermore. Yet it was expedient for them to have Him go away. For Jesus says, "If I go not away the Holy Ghost will not come unto you." The Spirit is the promise of the Father. Let every Methodist, man, woman, and child, pray for the personal witness of the Spirit and for the baptism of the Holy Spirit upon the whole Church. This will secure the power of the Church and the supreme and acceptable twentieth century thank-offering. Give yourself, then you will gladly give whatever God wants. Put your hands between the King's hands, and He will secure the rest.

Shall I tell you how to secure this priceless treasure, the witness of the Spirit? I will, God helping me. Wherever you are, in probation between the gate of eternal death and the gate of eternal life, God's plan and promise can reach you. His promises reach every inch of the road. If you are so near doom that the ground is already hot beneath your feet, halt, turn, quit your flirting with evil. That is the start toward life. Cease to do evil, and learn to do good. "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon." If you are farther up nearer life, but in coldness and heaviness, then take the word, "Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith." If you are still farther up the path, then secure that love, that true love, which changes the I, the me, the mine into the thou, the thee, the thine; that makes obedience spontaneous and service a delight. By surrender, prayer, fasting, if need be—for there is a kind that goeth not out but by prayer and fasting—secure that supreme love that loves God with all the heart, and thy neighbour as thyself; that love which the thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians makes absolutely necessary to any hope of heaven, without which everything else is absolutely nothing; that love which suffereth long and is kind, envieth not, "vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil," beareth, believeth, hopeth, endureth all things. Dear Methodist, have you this absolutely necessary love, so fine, so high, so sweet, so divine? Without this love reaching out to your fellowman and up to God, you are nothing, we are nothing, the Church is nothing.

We must go out of this century as brave and believing and sacrificing as our fathers came into it. Brothers in our pulpits, a stream never rises above its source. Like preacher, like people. How we need to watch and pray, lest our lights should burn dim or go out. A man once asked the keeper of the lighthouse at Calais, "Does your light ever burn dim or go out?" The keeper said in amazement, "Burn dim or go out? Why, man, there are ships yonder on the stormy sea that might go down on the breakers." We are the light of the world. Our lights must never burn dim or go out.

God waits on us for power among men. When we insist God answers with all the forces of His government. Moses stands on a projecting tableland of Sinai, overlooking the camp of Israel, in the

presence of his angered God. God, pointing to Israel bowed before the golden calf, says to Moses, "Go, get thee down to thy people, for they have corrupted themselves." Moses, who the other day feared to stand before poor little Pharaoh, now, in the hour of trial and destiny, stands bravely before his angered God, and says, "Why is thine anger kindled against thy people, whom thou broughtest out of the land of bondage?" Moses clings, as it were, to the very vesture of the Lord, and will not let Him go. The Lord says, "Let me alone, that mine anger may wax hot against them." Moses says, "What will the heathen say, that thou broughtest thy people out into the wilderness to slay them?" Then the Lord, as if to buy off Moses, says, "I will make of thee a great people." Moses stands firm and says, "Where is thy promise to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob? If thy word will not hold, then blot me out of thy book, but spare Israel." This heroic man, offering himself and pleading the integrity and honour of God, prevailed and saved Israel. Brothers, we stand between God and our Methodism. If we hold on to God with believing, self-sacrificing purpose, He will save and baptize our Church with power, and swing us into the twentieth century for a mightier work than any we have ever seen or of which we have ever heard.

Hooper Crews was pastor of our church at Springfield, Ill. He awoke one summer to find his church declining. He was sore distressed and prayed much, fearing he had outlived his call. One summer Sabbath night, in the midst of the harvest time, he announced to a little congregation a prayer-meeting for Monday morning, at sunrise, for the revival of God's work and the conversion of sinners. Then he gave that night to agonizing prayer. A little before daylight his burden left him, and he fell asleep on a lounge in his study. He awoke to see the first beams of the morning sun. Looking down into the churchyard, he saw that it was full of people, and the church was full of people, and the street was full of teams. Men as far as nine miles away from the church had awakened in the middle of the night alarmed, fearing that the judgment day was coming, took their teams, and drove to the church with their families, to see if they could find God and mercy. Brother Crews said: "We went into the church and opened the prayer-meeting; we closed it that night at eleven o'clock with twenty-eight conversions, as the beginning of a sweeping revival." Brothers, if we will consecrate ourselves to God without reserve, and cling to God, taking no denial, He will honour our faith and bless our Methodism with a century of unprecedented achievements.

Brothers, sisters, Methodists, bishops, presiding elders, pastors, class leaders, stewards, trustees, superintendents, teachers, and members, listen: Enter into the secret chamber of your own soul; answer to the divine Spirit who graciously meets you there and whispers to you. Tell Him, "I will seek God till I find Him a satisfying portion, and serve Him in all things, great or small, till I die. I will ask for the witness of the Spirit till I receive it, and will keep it every hour forever." Let us put our hands between the King's hands.

THE LOST SON.

BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

Beyond the angry reef, where the mad waves
Toss high their foaming crests, as, thunderously,
They break upon the treacherous rock, far out
In the dark, weltering waters, helpless, lost,
Stumbles a ship, dismantled and forlorn;
One tattered shred of fluttering white—the sign
And signal of despair or gasp of hope,—
Is dimly seen above the sinking hull
By the brave souls ashore, who man the boat
To wage a deadly warfare with the sea
And save, if God so wills, the souls in peril;
And all the village, clustering round, upbear
With words of hope the stalwart fishermen
Who undertake love's errand—all save one,
Whose heart had failed her, and whose quivering arms
Were round her only son.

"Nay, Robin, nay!
Spare me, oh, spare me, Robin; do not go;
God asks not this of *me*, no, no! let wives
Who have not given a husband to the deep,
And mothers who have not, like me, a son
Lost to their hearts on the wide sea—perchance,
Beside his father in the watery depths—
Unheard of till their hopes, like mine, are dead—
Let these give up at duty's call their sons
And husbands to this task; but thou, my boy,
Sole comfort of my widowhood, my child,
Stay thou with me!"

And the kind neighbours, moved,
Said, "She is right, good Robin, go not thou
On this thrice dangerous quest; our sons will go."
"Nay, mother dear," cried he, and kissed her cheek,
"God will defend us; neighbours, I must go;
No man of all these gallant mates of mine
May take my oar; have faith; in God above
Put ye your trust, my mother, and my friends!"
And so with hero-spirit he embarked,
And through her tears his mother watched him go,
And prayed to God, and all the neighbours prayed.

The heavy hours dragged on, and still the ship
Though lower in the waves yet kept afloat,

And beating hearts along the pebbly beach
Ceased not to pray. At last, thanks be to God!
The life-boat rounds the reef, fighting the seas,
And plunges towards the landing-place, all safe,
And safely bringing half-dead mariners,
Who clasp their hands in joy and murmur "Saved!"

"All saved!" So runs the tumult of delight;
"No! all but one—we had to leave that one;
'Twere certain death to all had we remained
Another moment." So they spake, and leapt
On the firm shore, with woman's tenderness
Bearing the famished sailors in their arms.

"THE ANGUISHED MOTHER SWOONED, FOR HE WAS GONE."

But Robin stayed behind and held his oar,
And answered to his mother waiting there
With joyous arms outstretched to welcome him
Back to her widowed heart, "No, mother, no;
One has been left to perish; I return;
He shall not perish if it be God's will
That my stout arms are equal to my hope.
Push off the boat! Alone, if no one else
Will join me, I will face the death again
To bring him to the land!"

"No, no, my son!
Oh God, it must not be; thou hast been brave,

And I can bear no more—nay, my sweet son,
Leave this to others; some true heart is here
To take thy place. Think of thy father lost,
And thy poor brother whom I mourn as dead;
Leave me not desolate, bereft of all
I have on earth, my son, my only child!"
"Think of my brother! yea, but every man
In peril is my brother, and this man
May have a mother dear as mine to me;
I cannot stay, and every moment now
Is more than golden in its worth. Farewell!
God keep thee, mother, and God prosper me!"

So spake young Robin, sternly tremulous;
Then on the sandy shore, as dead indeed,
The anguished mother swooned, for he was gone,
And lustily against th' unwilling waves
He laboured at the oars, and evening fell
And hid him in the distance from their eyes.
Then passed a silence on the villagers,
And pained suspense for Robin's fate so ruled
That rapture o'er the saved was hushed until
The slow-paced night was gone, and morning crept
Upon the lighted lanterns on the shore,
Where men walked to and fro as they had done
Through all the waiting hours.

Then clang'd the bell
In the old village steeple, for a lad
Was sent in haste to bid the verger ring
The happy tidings out o'er hill and dale,
The boat was seen! Then eager ran the throng,
And at the landing clasped the widow's hand,
And rapture danced along the smiling marge,
For Robin now was nigh; his wasted strokes
Still splashing in the wave, till cheering men
Rushed through the shallows and with stalwart arm
On either side pulled the huge boat to land.
And Robin sat with pale and ghastly face,
And bended body, wearied nigh to death,
And at his feet, well wrapp'd, the sailor's form,
Weak as an infant, but alive! alive!

"Fall back, and let his mother pass alone,
Her's be the hand that first shall welcome him!"
So cried a leader, and the throng fell back,
Then gathered near, with joy that overflowed
On every face in tears, to note her kiss,
And catch his words faint-spoken:

"God be praised,
I've brought him safe—his mother will rejoice
With mine—it is my brother—God be praised.
Your long-lost son,—receive him, mother dear!"

"YOUR LONG-LOST SON,—RECEIVE HIM, MOTHER DEAR."

A SONG OF THE ENGLISH.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

Fair is our lot—O goodly is our heritage!
(Humble ye, my people, and be fearful in your mirth!)
For the Lord of God Most High
He hath made the deep as dry,
He hath smote for us a pathway to the ends of all the earth!

Yea, though we sinned—and our rulers went from righteousness—
Deep in all dishonour though we stained our garments' hem,
Oh, be ye not dismayed,
Though we stumbled and we strayed,
We were led by evil counsellors—the Lord shall deal with them!

Hold ye the Faith—the Faith our Fathers sealed us;
Whoring not with visions—overwise and overstale.
Except ye pay the Lord
Single heart and single sword,
Of your children in their bondage shall he ask them treble-tale!

Keep ye the Law—be swift in all obedience—
Clear the land of evil, drive the road and bridge the ford.
Make ye sure to each his own,
That he reap where he hath sown;
By the peace among our peoples let men know we serve the Lord.

DENIS PATTERSON—FIELD PREACHER.

BY KATE THOMPSON SIZER,

Author of "Avice Tennant's Pilgrimage," "Alys of Lutterworth," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES TRESIDER.

CHAPTER IV.

BETHIA.

Behind the counter of a dim little shop in Paternoster Row a young woman sat knitting. The winter afternoon might have sunshine elsewhere, but shadows had long been falling among these high old houses which fronted each other so closely. Down one small side-street, and the corner of another, was the extent of Bethia's view. Sunset glows and morning brightness might pass overhead in the almost invisible sky, but little of their glory reached her.

Rows of books filled the shelves behind the girl, and alternated with stacks of paper all round the sides of the shop. From a back room came the heavy creak of an old-fashioned printing-press at work. "John Edmonds, printer and bookseller," ran the inscription over the shop-door, and the dingy house in the old Row served Mr. John Edmonds, not only as a place of business and a workshop, but a home for the family, which he thought sometimes too numerous. Bethia, his eldest daughter, had lived here all her life; and within the four walls there had been room for so many anxieties, embarrassments and contrivances that she might be forgiven for thinking seldom of the world outside her door.

She was quite young still, not more than twenty-one; but on her face rested the unmistakable impress of responsibility. Her soft, gray eyes could smile readily enough, though they generally wore a preoccupied look of reflection. Her dress was neat, but of the simplest materials, and put on as if the wearer had little time to bestow much thought over it. But the plain muslin cap, under which her fair hair was put back, was spotlessly clean, and so was the little white 'kerchief that was crossed on the bosom of her gray serge gown. The arms, which the short sleeves left bare, according to the fashion of the day, were covered by a pair of long gray mittens; and she was busy knitting another pair of mittens, though these were of bright red.

She sat alone in the shop, bending her head to catch the last twilight rays for her work; but presently a candle glimmered like a faint star from the inner room, the door of which stood open. A short, thick man, with a wrinkled, absorbed-looking face, put his head out of the door, and said:

"Bethia, where is the book a customer ordered us to get for him this morning?"

"Here, father," she answered, rising, and passing him a thin volume bound in gray boards.

He seized it eagerly.

"Let me look—the poems of Mr. John Milton. I will just snatch a glimpse at it."

He retired into the farther room, and silence reigned there. Bethia resumed her work with a little smile.

Presently another door opened—evidently the door that led into the domestic regions of the bookseller's house—and a bright-eyed child, with a dishevelled mop of flaxen curls, ran in.

"Sister," he said, after having first, with cautious glance, explored every shadowy corner of the shop to make sure that no one was there to frown upon his coming—"Sister, mother has a headache and is ill."

"Then you and Bab must play quietly, and not disturb her," answered the sister, measuring one red mitten against the other.

"Ah, but sister," urged the boy, betraying the real purpose that brought him, "who will make our porridge? Plum porridge to-night, for mine and Bab's birthday, you know."

"I made it this morning," returned Bethia, lifting her eyes from her work just long enough to give the urchin a smiling glance. "Now, run away, Tony, and be good."

Tony disappeared, with a weight taken off his mind. Sister Bethia's assurances were always true.

The girl knitted on, and was just laying the second mitten, completed, on the first, when the great clock of St. Paul's close by, sent its loud strokes on the wintry air.

"Four o'clock!" thought Bethia, looking up. "That is the time Sophy fixed. She ought to be here."

As she thought this, the shop-door opened briskly, and a gay figure stepped in. Bethia rose and welcomed her sister warmly.

"There, there! that will do," cried the other petulantly. "You will tumble my new velvet hat—is it not a pretty one? Have you done my mittens? Oh! that is right. You are a good maid, though a dull one, as Harry says."

"You have spirits for both of us," answered the sister, looking admiringly at the pretty face under the fine hat. Mistress Harry Marsden was a contrast to Bethia in every way. She was dark, slender, and small; her manners were as vivacious as the other's were quiet, and in her dress there was no hint of poverty or shabbiness. Her warm mantle was of the finest cloth; her dress was tied back with ribbons over a silken underskirt; lace frills peeped out at her throat, round which a gold chain glittered.

"Where are you going, so fine and gay?" asked Bethia, unable to take her eyes from the attractive picture.

"To the puppet show. Harry will be here in a minute; he only stayed to leave a copy of his new song at Lord Ilchester's."

"How does baby do without you?"

Mistress Marsden lifted her eyebrows over the question.

"Baby has his nurse to take care of him. My dear Bethia, I did not marry to cut short my pleasures. At nineteen, too; would it not be unreasonable—a waste of advantages?"

She broke into such a pretty laugh, her eyes lighting with mirth as she tossed her shining dark head, that Bethia could not reprove her seriously.

"I hope the nurse will take care of baby," was all she said.

"She is well paid; there is no lack of money in our house," returned Mistress Marsden, with rather pert emphasis.

"But how is it gained?" said the other gravely.

Sophy laughed.

"Harry does not lack friends," she cried. "Lord Ilchester is his warm patron, and at his house he meets gentlefolk of whom it is easy to win money at cards."

"I would rather he followed some honest trade," said the elder sister.

"And starved on it," retorted Sophy, throwing a scornful glance round the shabby shop. "No, Bethia; I had enough of drudgery while I lived at home, and Harry, dear soul, was willing enough to release me from it. You, if you like, may spend your time casting up father's bills and washing the children's faces; but that will not suit me. Why, how long is it since you had a new apron or ribbon even? And look at me, in silks like any titled madam!"

She bridled coquettishly as she spoke, well knowing how she shone and sparkled by the side of her quiet sister; but not knowing that in the other's modesty and serene simplicity might lie greater charms to some eyes. She leaned forward to peep through the narrow window, making a loud rustling with her silken skirts, and a pretty flush crept up her dark cheek.

"There is Harry; he never forgets me for one moment," she said proudly. "Confess, my sober Bethia, we are a rattling pair; but there is one virtue in us. We don't hate each other, as 'tis fashionable now for husbands and wives to do. Harry

is as much in love with me as the day we were married. There, good-bye! I'm coming, Harry."

She dropped a hasty kiss on her sister's cheek, and ran out into the wintry twilight, where her husband waited for her, in fresh-curled wig and coat of gold brocade, a fit match for her in finery. The two were soon out of sight round the corner; and Bethia, wise moralist though she was, watched them go away with a sigh. It was so pleasant to enjoy youth while one had it, and Sophy seemed to have all the brightness that Bethia always missed.

Harry Marsden, whom Sophy had married two years before, was the son of a neighbouring tradesman, and his business in life so far had been to spend the guineas his father's toil had heaped up. Marsden was handsome and clever; rich people were ever ready to welcome him at their houses for the sake of his merry stories, or a song from his musical voice. This was far easier and pleasanter than work; and it had not yet entered his head that to be a hanger-on at great men's tables was not what a self-respecting young fellow should desire. Plenty of other men did the same in that age; why not he? If money or patrons failed, there were gaming-tables and lotteries. Luck was sure to come somehow. So he and pretty Sophy sailed gaily down the stream.

Bethia was roused from her momentary discontent by her father's voice.

"Four o'clock, and the shop not shut! Bethia, what are you thinking of? And where is Frank?"

"Here, father," answered a voice from the printing-room, and his sister, with a guilty start, became conscious that the creaking of the press had ceased some time ago.

"Frank, you were asleep," she whispered anxiously to the tall hobbledehoy, who made his appearance on the scene with a sudden bounce that knocked down a pile of books.

"Of course," he answered carelessly. "How can I work in the dark? It would take a dozen candles to light this dismal shop."

"You might have had one," rejoined Bethia. "O Frank, you know how necessary it is to get that work done in time."

"Why does not father take a turn, then?" grumbled the boy. "Or you?" he was going to add. But the sight of his sister uncomplainingly dragging the heavy shutter to its place stopped the words. He ran to her help.

"I'll do that, Bethia," he said, awkwardly. "You go up. The children are bawling for you already."

Bethia went down-stairs first,

"THERE, GOOD-BYE."

mindful of her promise about the plum porridge. The anticipated dainty was found smoking calmly by the side of the kitchen fire where she had left it, and she proceeded to pour it out, hindered rather than helped by a clumsy servant. Then she carefully prepared a dish of tea for the delicate mother, and took it up herself.

"Take some, too. You are tired after your day's work," said the invalid, lifting her pale face with a fond look at her daughter.

"What, tea!" The father had wandered, book in hand still, upstairs, and was now seated in an armchair by his wife's sofa. "Give me a cup, Bethia; the Chinese herb is good for the nerves, they say."

Bethia poured out for him, while she shook her head at her mother's silent entreaty, and contented herself with sharing the children's porridge. Tea was not for poor people in those days; it was so great a luxury that Wesley urged his followers to give it up and bestow the money thus saved in charity. In the bookseller's family, such an extravagance was only justified by Mrs. Edmonds' bad health.

"'Tis a fine book," said the bookseller, shutting up the precious volume at last. "Mr. Milton was a rare poet."

"Father," said your Frank slyly, looking up from the meat and ale on which he was satisfying a hearty appetite, "I believe 'tis like parting with a limb to sell one of your books."

"How should we live if they were not sold?" spoke the mother, with an anxious look.

"I would rather read my books than sell them, in truth," confessed her husband. "Still, it is possible to store much of them in one's head. Hearken to this pretty conceit."

"Father," interposed Bethia, hastily, to prevent a flood of extracts from Milton, which, however beautiful in themselves, would take up valuable time, and increase her mother's headache—"father, when was that book promised to your customer?"

The worthy bookseller dropped from the clouds of poetry.

"To-night," he answered with a start. "To-night, and, alack! it is now dark."

"Frank must take it," put in the mother from her couch.

"Frank will either lose the book or forget to take the money," said the father, forgetting that he could not well blame his son for the absent-mindedness which he had bequeathed him. "Bethia must go."

"Bethia!" ejaculated Mrs. Edmonds in dismay, distracted between two considerations. Every shilling that could be earned was wanted in the shabby household, but London streets were a dangerous place for a young girl after dark.

"Do not fear, mother," said Bethia, catching her look and understanding it. "Frank and I will go together. He will take care of me, I know."

Frank had glanced up ready to grumble if any authority was used, but he subsided under his sister's tact. To go as an errand-boy was one thing, as Bethia's protector another. He went down presently with a very good will to light his lantern; while Bethia, in her garret chamber, was putting on her shabby cloak and hood, the best she had, but both of them garments that young Mistress Marsden would have tossed contemptuously to a beggar.

CHAPTER V.

AN EVENING AT THE FOUNDERY.

"Past six o'clock and a fine, starlight evening," announced the old city watchman, as the brother and sister turned out of their door. Bethia looked up; the high dome and cross of St. Paul's were outlined darkly against a sky blazing with frosty stars. The narrow street was very gloomy, for all the booksellers' shops were shut, and only a glimmer of candle-light shone faintly from the dwelling rooms on the upper floors. But Bethia knew every inch of the way, and felt no alarm here. The gay, ruffling young city sparks did not frequent this quiet thoroughfare, nor was it visited by street prowlers. But as they turned into Cheapside, where twinkling street lamps dimly lighted the passing throng, she grasped her brother's arm, and he, in the pride of his sixteen years of manhood, felt bound to reassure her.

"Don't be affrighted, Bethia; my lantern will keep you out of the puddles, and I had the wit to bring my cudgel with me. If any villain molest us, I warrant it will be worse for him."

He twirled the heavy stick as he spoke; while Bethia, afraid that such boasting should bring upon them the dangers she dreaded, besought earnestly:

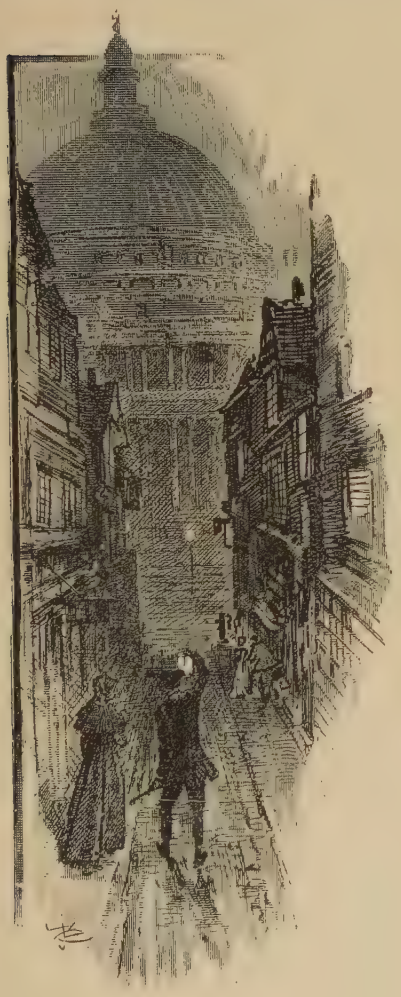
"Pick no quarrels, dear brother, I beg of you. Let us do our errands and get home as soon as may be."

"Where are we going?" asked the boy, still playing in spite of his sis-

ter's entreaties with the staff, and earning some angry growls from the passers-by, whose hats or wigs received a push.

"The book was ordered by a clergyman, a Mr. John Wesley, as a present for his mother," answered Bethia.

"John Wesley! That is the chief preacher of the Methodists. Why



did you not tell me before? There will be some fun in searching him out."

"Fun! what do you mean?" returned the sister.

"Oh! you must have heard of the mad Methodists, surely," cried the boy with impatience; "though, to be sure, your life, sister, is like a mole in a hole, and you see and hear nothing. But I heard him preach at Blackheath once. 'Twas as good as a play to see the people quake and groan under him."

"Why do you go to such wild meetings?" admonished the sister gravely. "There is the cathedral close to us, if you need instruction."

"Instruction?" Frank was about to break into laughter, when a boy younger than himself pushed him rudely aside.

"Way there, fellow! Way for a lady's chair."

Frank turned angrily, but the boy was already past him. He carried a link or lantern, which lighted the steps of the chairmen behind. Two men were necessary to carry a sedan-chair, which was the conveyance then used by ladies of fashion. The gaily-painted box, for such it really was, hung between two poles, the foremost ends of these resting on the shoulders of the man in front, the hinder ends were supported by a man at the back. The fair rider seated inside was shielded as safely from the weather or the gaze of the curious (unless she wished to brave the latter), as an occupant of an Indian palankeen.

"I don't see why fine madams should go at such a pace that their link-boys and chairmen nearly knock us down," cried Frank in annoyance. Then, with an altered tone, "Look quick, Bethia; it is Sophy!"

The lady had pushed the damask curtains back, and was leaning out to give some directions to her bearers. Even in that dim light the velvet hat, dancing plumes, and mirthful dark eyes were unmistakable. Sophy was on her way home from the puppet show, riding in state and comfort.

"Well, where will Harry Marsden's folly run next? Sister Sophy will think herself the peer of a duchess soon!" exclaimed Frank loudly, carefully sheltering his lantern flame from the gust caused by the chair's swift passage.

Bethia said nothing; but the road seemed darker and her tired feet more heavy after that radiant vision of pleasure had gone past. Presently the outline of dusky tree-tops took the place of houses beside the way. The rustle of the boughs told them that they had reached Moorfields, a spacious park in those days, and a chosen pleasure resort of Londoners.

"Don't let us go that way," Bethia begged of Frank, as she saw him pre-

paring to turn down the mall or principal road bordered with elm trees, and alive with many promenaders in spite of the dark and cold.

"Yes, why not?" replied Frank stoutly. "Shall we come so far and lose all the sight-seeing? Besides, there is a booth at the end of the mall where they are showing a Dutch giant. I have a mind to stop and see him, while you do your errand of the book."

"Oh, no, Frank." Timid Bethia clung to his arm imploringly. "I dare not be left alone here a moment. Come quickly along."

But Frank lingered, and at that moment a tavern door opposite which they had been standing opened, and the light fell full on the girl and her young companion. The men who were leaving the tavern surrounded the pair with shouts.

"Who is this dainty lady, hooded and cloaked up to her eyes? Unmask, madam, and let us see your face."

"How dare you touch my sister?" exclaimed Frank, brandishing his cudgel.

One of the men, laughing, with a dexterous twist, wrenched the stick from his hand, and another laid the young champion speedily on his back. The other roisterers pressed round Bethia, and discovered the parcel she held.

"There's treasure here; give it over," shouted the revellers, not unwilling to combine a little amateur pocket-picking with the sport of frightening a helpless female.

"It is only a book, and not mine," gasped Bethia, clutching desperately at her parcel, and looking this way and that for some means of escape. Frank stirred on the ground and tried to rise, which caused her tormentors to look aside a moment. Bethia seized her opportunity and wrenched herself from their hold. With the strength of terror she flew down the first dark street that opened before her like a refuge, not stopping even to breathe till she thought herself out of danger. As she leaned panting against a wall, the sound of singing came on her ears. It was soft and regular, the chanting of a psalm or hymn.

"I must be near a church," thought Bethia; and, seeing a figure pass in at the door from which the music issued, she followed, thinking she had found a safe haven here.

To her surprise the place she entered was little like a church. It was long and not overwide, with traces of being used for various purposes. School-desks and slates were scattered at one end of the room, books were heaped at the other; in the centre sat a group of persons, not arranged in any formal fashion, but sitting one by another in a friendly, neighbourly way. As the hymn ceased one of them rose and began to speak.

Bethia was beckoned to a seat by an elderly lady, whose venerable looks attracted the girl's attention at once. The lady had a calm, powerful face, lighted by the fine eyes of one given to much thought and reflection. Years had whitened her hair and bent her frail form, but had not quenched the spirit and sweetness that dwelt in every feature. Bethia studied her silently, too occupied to pay much attention to the speaker, and was rather startled when the singing broke out again.

Both words and music were unknown to her, and the joyous ring in the singers' voices was equally new. They sang with delight and fervour, as though the words uttered bore a vital meaning to them. The girl was impressed, and prepared to listen with more heed to the next speaker, a woman like herself. She was a plain, motherly soul, who looked as though crying babies and washing-tubs might have been included among her day's experiences, but that made her words the more real to the young stranger, who had unconsciously invaded this Methodist class-meeting. The woman spoke of peace given among the fretting cares of life, and of help and guidance for every-day perplexities. Bethia's heart grew full as she listened, and she sighed with a wistful look. The troubles of the other were her daily experience, but she knew nothing of the mysterious joy that lightened them.

More singing followed, and then the meeting broke up, while Bethia still sat entranced. A hand was laid on her arm, and the venerable face she thought so winning was bent towards her.

"Is this your first coming here, my maid? and are you alone?" asked the firm, pleasant voice.

"Yes," said Bethia, waking to the sudden remembrance of her unaccomplished errand, and of the perils of the darkness outside. "I only took refuge here for a moment. I was carrying a parcel—a book he had

ordered—to Mr. John Wesley, at the Foundery in Windmill Street."

"You may give the parcel to me. I am his mother, and this is the Foundery," answered the old lady.

"It was a present for his mother, Mr. Wesley said," returned Bethia, and was fascinated by the smile that awoke in response, bringing back the light to eyes that must have sparkled once, and the bloom to cheeks and lips that had not yet lost all their charms.

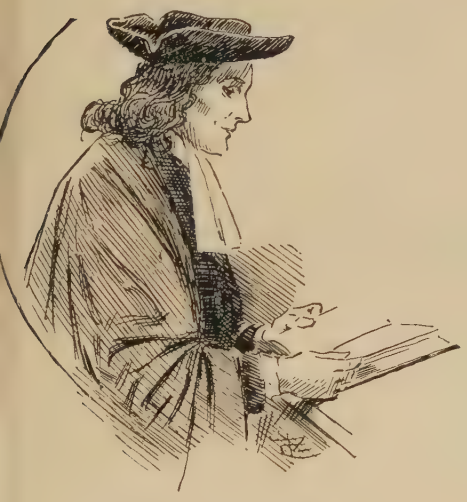
"Ah! my sons are good to me. God has repaid all my toil for them," murmured the gentle voice.

Then the elder woman cast a look of interest in turn on the younger.

"And now you have done your errand, have you far to go back?"

"Yes," replied Bethia, unable to repress a shudder as she looked out at the night, "to Paternoster Row."

"But not alone?"



Bethia in answer told her story, and Mrs. Wesley's face grew kindly anxious as she listened. She beckoned to a homely, middle-aged pair, who had taken part in the meeting.

"Friends, your home is not far from this young maid's. Will you take her back in safety?"

They gave a kindly affirmative, and Mrs. Wesley bade her new acquaintance good-night, adding:

"Come again to the meeting, if you will. You shall always have a welcome."

"I will come," responded Bethia, gratefully and gladly.

CHAPTER VI.

CARES AND TOILS.

"Bethia! Bethia!"

The tired girl was still lost in profound slumber when her mother's voice woke her next morning.

"'Tis a pure shame to rouse you, and you not home till so late last night. Oh, my dear, how affrighted I was when Frank came back without you. What a mercy you fell into such safe hands!"

"Yes, mother. Is it time to get up?"

Bethia rubbed her eyes and tried not to show how weary she felt, for her mother, sitting there in bedgown and shawl, looked more pale and weary still.

"It is, poor child; but wait a moment, Bethia; I must speak to you, there is much that troubles me. How go things in the shop, do you think?"

"Not well, mother, I fear," returned Bethia, after a pause.

"How can they?" said poor Mrs. Edmonds, wringing her hands. "Your father pays so little heed to what goes on, and in the home there are expenses enough to consume a fortune. I shall give up my physician."

"Oh, no; mother, you must not, you will be worse!" cried Bethia.

But the mother was firm, and Bethia in the end was forced to allow that, if they wished to hold up their heads as honest folks, it must be done. She would not yield the point without a struggle, however, and concluded by mentally resolving that she would wear her old gray serge a season longer in spite of Sophy's sneers, and live on bread and porridge, that her mother might not do without further comforts. Poor Bethia! the sacrifices she could make seemed to her so pitifully small, for she did not realize that her whole life was a sacrifice for those she loved.

Thus the day began by rolling its burden of care upon her shoulders. She rose up, feeling, like Rosalind in Arden, that "this working-day world" was "full of briars." So rose many others, no doubt, in the busy dim streets around her. And so rise many still; since the Father above has decreed that not by sharp anguish alone, but more often by the heavy pressure of daily care, shall his children be trained for the kingdom that is to come.

Breakfast was over, and the restless little ones disposed at their play. The

delicate mother was settled on her couch ; and from being the anxious housekeeper Bethia turned to become the active woman of business. As she passed downstairs under the low, arched door that led to the shop Frank stepped forward eagerly :

"Sister, can I not leave my press for a while ? You remember what to-day is ?"

"No," answered Bethia, laying her hand on her brow, which ached.

"'TIS ALWAYS THE CASE," RETURNED BETHIA.

"Why, Lord Mayor's day ! I hear the shouts ! I must go and see the show. There will be no work wanted to-day."

"But we cannot afford to take a holiday," Bethia was beginning to say, when she found she spoke to empty air. Frank had only waited for her coming to take his own excuses as permission to leave. Directly these were uttered, he dashed away into the street.

Bethia looked round the shop in dismay. It was undusted, and there was some sorting and packing needed among the heavy volumes. She must do it all, for her father was deep in study behind the partition, and could not be relied on even for help in the printing.

She stood presently before the press that Frank had abandoned. An order had come the day before from a neighbouring printer. He had more work to do in a given time than he could manage, and guessed that Mr. Edmonds would thankfully accept the surplus. Bethia looked at the boxes of type and the heavy frames she must lift and manage. She had often done such work before, and she was enough her father's daughter to enjoy seeing vigorous prose or poetic fancies take legible form under her hands. But to-day she was tired, and the very words she was setting up seemed to mock her. What different spheres were in the same world ! How far removed the dainty heroine of Mr. Pope's poem, lying wrapt in dreams on "downy pillow," from Bethia's busy days and too short nights !

> This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
> And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.

As the girl slowly spelled in types the description of the "unnumbered treasures" devoted by Belinda to "the sacred rites of pride," no wonder that a tear, wrung not by fatigue alone, splashed down upon the dusty letters. The picture of abundant wealth and luxury presented too cruel a contrast to her own life.

A step roused her. She hastily composed herself and went forward to meet the new-comer. A pleasant-looking gentleman stood tapping meditative fingers on the counter, and taking in with quick, appreciative glaces the titles of the books near him. Bethia recognized the customer of the day before, and noted again, with pleased appreciation, the clear, bright eyes and fresh counten-

ance, that seemed the mirror of the healthy mind. He was trim and orderly from top to toe, in his neat black gown, snowy bands, and well-polished shoe-buckles. To Bethia's young eyes he looked middle-aged, but his years did not exceed forty. He gave an interested glance at the girl, and said :

"You are the maid who brought a book to the Foundery last night."

Bethia assented. The bright morning sunshine was pouring into the shop, and when she thought of her terrified flight of the previous evening, it seemed like a nightmare. She wondered with a little blush how much this staid stranger had heard of her adventure.

"I have come to pay for the book," he said, taking no notice of her confusion, and pulling out an old-fashioned purse, in which Bethia could not help seeing that the guineas were very few. "Also to ask if your father, the printer here, could put something into type soon for me ?"

"It shall be done as soon as you like, sir," answered Bethia.

Mr. Wesley took a roll of manuscript from his pocket and held it to her, but his glance was still resting with interest among the scattered volumes.

"You have a fancy for books, sir," said Bethia, taking up one and passing it to him. "Here are the poems of Mr. Matthew Prior, cheaply bound."

"I must not buy more books yet," replied Mr. Wesley, at the same time turning the leaves and running down the pages with those keen, bright eyes of his ; "though this is pretty, very pretty. Ah ! here is Prior's translation of Adrian's Address to the Dying Soul :

Poor little pretty, fluttering thing,
Must we no longer live together ?
And dost thou prune thy trembling wing,
To take thy flight thou know'st not whither ?

The poet could moralize well, but little heed did he pay to his own soul. Pity that men of parts like Prior should squander their gifts in dissipation."

"'Tis always the case," returned Bethia, for so it seemed in the light of her small experience. The men of letters who came in and out of their shop were chiefly geniuses of a reckless sort ; on the heights of revelry and inspiration one day, the next often cast down in debt and degradation. She had heard of Steele, whose talents made the fortune of The Tatler, but whose early life was that of a prodigal. She knew that Addison, whose Spectator was the delight of her scanty leisure, and whose moral maxims formed a guide for virtuous men's conduct, was himself a slave to wine. The career of literary men in the eighteenth century was too often a checkered one, a web in which the golden threads of genius were darkly overshot with folly or vice. Sterne, Savage and Goldsmith were to illustrate the same tale.

Wesley continued to turn over Prior's pages with a lingering touch. As a practical man he always put a strong curb on the poetical side of his nature, but all his life it was there. It found vent occasionally in the masterly hymns, beside which even those written by his brother Charles seem weak and lifeless. Some of these were in the manuscript roll he had given Bethia.

"Will you print these soon," he asked her, "and bring them to the Foundery in daylight hours ?"

Then he did know of her apparently imprudent adventure. Bethia blushed to her eyes as she renewed the promise of speedy work.

"My mother would like very well to make your further acquaintance," added Mr. Wesley kindly, thinking what a modest, pleasing, and yet sad face the girl had, and wishing he could see it brighten with the joy he had witnessed on many of his converts.

"Mrs. Wesley is very kind." Bethia answered, blushing still. She went back to her printing-press, while Mr. Wesley tore himself from the tempting society of the books around, and started on his morning's business at a pace that tallied with the advice he afterwards gave to his preachers : "Never be unemployed. Never be triflingly employed. Never while away time."

Hear the truth, and bear the truth,
And bring the truth to bear on all you are
And do, assured that only good comes thence.
Whate'er the shape good take ! —*Browning.*

SIM GALLOWAY'S DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.*

BY WILLIAM E. BARTON,

Author of "A Hero in Homespun," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

A half-hour later Meg was knocking at the door of Moses Davis' cabin, Moses having kept the dogs in, according to agreement, that she might approach unmolested. Moses and Malinda had gone to bed, but he appeared at the door, his hair disheveled and his knit suspenders hanging down his back.

"Gin up lookin' fur ye, an' didn't much look fur ye nohow, fur I never knowed Sim to turn off nobody, least of all kinfolks. What's the matter? Couldn't they keep ye?"

Moses was evidently eager to know all the news, but she evaded his questions.

"I somehow got out of the way," said she. "I have walked a long way, and was glad to find my way here. I am very tired. Just let me go to bed, if you please."

Malinda, who was making a hasty toilet in the corner the while, now came into the foreground, pinning up her dress, that was guiltless of buttons, and offered to go to the loft with Moses, and let the stranger have the bed from which they had just risen. Meg declined the offer, and insisted upon the loft, and thither Malinda lit her with a pine knot; and spite of her excitement and a hard bed, she was soon asleep.

Next morning, after Malinda's best breakfast of hot biscuit and fried chicken, Meg allowed Moses to pilot her to the top of the ridge, and declined his further aid. She could find it easily in the daytime, she said, and thus she sent back the unwilling Moses, who was all too ready to be present when she met her kinfolks, and curious as to her reception. But at last she had her will, and Moses went back, yet planned an errand to a neighbour's beyond to take him past the house an hour later.

Meg soon found her way to the rock beneath which the lovers had met, and there she waited. In half an hour the bushes moved, a bird started, and Cad timidly appeared. Seeing a stranger, she drew back, but Meg stopped her. "Come to me, my child; I will not harm you. I have come to meet you here, and there will be no one else. My dear, he has gone, and gone forever. He was not worthy of you, and he has gone. Thank God for that!"

"Where has he gone?" asked Cad.

"I do not know. I have come to talk with you about other things. But oh, before I say a word, let me feel that you trust me! Look at me. Look into my eyes and let me look into yours. Whose eyes have you, my child?"

"They tell me my eyes are like my mother's, but she died when I was a baby. I wisht I had her now; she might help me."

"Would you let her help you, child, or would you reject her help as you have done that of your grandparents?"

"My grandparents were mistaken, and, besides, a mother is different."

"O my child, my Caroline, my darling! I would give my life to help you. Will you let me?"

"Who are you?" asked Cad, suddenly remembering that she did not know.

"I have wondered, until last night, whether I ought to tell you. Now I think I ought. My child, your mother did not die. I have often wished that she had died, but today I am glad to have lived for your sake. Look at me, Caroline. Do you not know who I am?"

Cad looked for a moment. It was bewildering, it was impossible, it was a dream, it could not be true, and yet the delusion was like heaven, and she cast herself into her mother's arms, expecting every instant to wake and find it unreal, but crying, "Mother, O my mother!"

And the mother clasped her to her breast, saying, "My child, my child!"

CHAPTER IX.

HOW HANNAH DECIDED.

For a long time Meg and Cad wept in each other's arms, and then Cad sobbed: "But, mother, I don't

understand. I can't hardly believe it. I am so confused I don't know what to think."

"Let me tell you in a word, my child. Your mother is unworthy of you. They told you she was dead, because it would have been better so. I know only too well the life from which I have saved you. And now, my daughter, I will never cause you to blush for your mother's sake, though I blush to tell you these things about myself. Let me go and leave you. But when you are tempted, when you are in danger of being misguided, think of me as near. And if ever I can help you, I will come to you across seas and mountains, and"——

"O mother, you mustn't leave me. I need you. I am homeless, helpless. I can't let you go."

"I would gladly spend my life with you, my darling, if it is best, but I cannot be sure of it. But I have seen you and helped you, and you do not despise me. Oh, I feared that you would shrink from me! I still fear that you would if I could make you know how bad I have been."

"Never, and you sha'n't ever leave me, mother. Come with me now and let's go to grampa and gramma. I know they'll be glad to see you."

Reluctant, yet eager, Meg at last consented. They went down the hill together, and came to the cottage. Hannah was churning in the porch, and Simeon was mending an old harness under the tree close by.

"O gramma," Cad cried, "I've found my mother!"

Hannah started so as nearly to overturn the churn. Simeon dropped his harness, and almost leaped to the porch.

"Woman," he cried, "have ye come to add to our sorrers?"

"Hear me, Mr. Galloway. I have not come to add to your sorrows. I have not come to take my child from you. But I have come to be a mother to her and a daughter to you, if you will let me. I will go away if you say the word, but hear me first. I have put the past behind me. I am another woman now. You need help, and this child needs a mother, for you cannot be here long. I thank you for all you have done for her. God knows you have done more than I should have done. But now you need me, and I need you. Will you take me into your home and let me be your daughter and my daughter's mother?"

Simeon hesitated. He remembered the shame of the past and his son's dishonour. But Hannah looked at the two younger women standing in each other's arms, and, stepping across the rickety porch, she put an arm around each and said, "Sartin ye can stay, an' welcome. Take off yer things, my dear. Cad, git your mother a cheer."

Just then Moses Davis hove in sight, driving Buck and Bright. He stopped at the fence, and approached the house on foot.

"Howdy," he said. "Found the way, did ye?"

"Yes, I had no trouble. Mr. Galloway, this is the neighbour who brought me from the station. I stayed at his house last night."

"Yes, she tried to fine her way over las' night an' got los'. I was sorter feared she mought lose the way this mornin', but she wouldn't let me fetch her acrost. Some o' your kinsfolks, is she, Sim? She 'lowed she war, but she didn't say adzackly what kin. D'ye want your trunk fetched around, marm, or shall we tote hit back to the Jofields?"

Simeon looked at Hannah and read the answer in her eyes. "Bring hit over hyur, Mose," said Simeon, "an' ef ary person asts you wut kin she is, you kin tell 'em that this our darter was dead an' is alive agin, she was los' an' is found."

CHAPTER X.

CAL BLAKE'S SURPRISE.

It was a week after this that Cal Blake rode up to the door with the sheriff, and said, jauntily, "Well, Sim, got that eighty dollars interest handy?"

Smeon groaned in spirit and made no reply.

"Well, we've come to make final arrangements for the sale, unless you choose just to deed the whole thing over. You might as well, for it won't bring the debt."

Just then Meg appeared. "He has the interest money," she said. "Eighty dollars, did you say? Excuse me a moment, please."

In a few minutes she reappeared with the amount in her hand, and Simeon and Hannah stood by, speechless.

"Please give me a receipt for this," said she, and Cal wrote it without a

word. Meg took it and handed it to Simeon.

Cal and the sheriff looked at each other, embarrassed. Then Cal said: "I wasn't exactly expecting you'd be able to pay it, Sim. I understood you couldn't make the riffle. Well, now, I'm mighty glad of it, an' I may as well say the agents that hold the mortgage wrote that if they let the loan stay they'll have to have a reduction of the principal. They'll have to have about two hundred on that. They're thinking that the place wouldn't sell for eight hundred, and they don't want to loan no more on a place than it will sell for."

"Very well," said Meg, who had taken matters into her own hand. "If we reduce the principal, you will reduce the interest. Ten per cent. is not legal in this State."

"Well, no, not exactly, according to the letter of the law, but in special cases, of course, we expect a little more."

"Yes, I understand that perfectly. And I also understand that this is no longer to be considered a special case. Give Mr. Galloway thirty days to raise the money, and he will reduce the debt to six hundred dollars, and from this time on, the note is to draw six per cent. and no more."

"All right, ma'am. Anything to please the ladies," said Cal, with an effort to be gallant. "In thirty days, then, I understand, Sim, you're to have two hundred dollars to pay on the principal?"

Meg nodded to him across the room, and Simeon said, "Yes."

"All right. Let's see. This is the 24th. I'll make a note of that. September 24th—that will be October 24th. I'll call October 24th."

"Your money will be ready," said Meg. "Good morning, sir."

And Mr. J. C. Calhoun Blake found himself bowed out, and the sheriff followed him, wonderingly.

Simeon and Hannah stook stock-still. The kettle boiled over, and Hannah did not stir. Simeon tried to speak, but choked and coughed, and gave it up, and Cad embraced her mother with heartiest words of affection.

It had needed some crucible like this to melt together the affection of Meg and her daughter. Under different circumstances, the daughter might have been repelled by her knowledge of her mother's past, and the mother might have shrunk from the ignorance and want of culture displayed by the daughter. As it was, the daughter found in the mother a constant occasion of admiration because of her knowledge of the world, her fertility of resource, and her strong and helpful purpose. On the other hand, Meg found in her daughter a pure and truly lovely girl, though uncultured and unrestrained, but with a blossoming womanhood that was rich in promise, needing just such an influence, wise and strong, as now she found in her mother.

Hannah watched the two at first with kindly but almost jealous look, half fearing the introduction of another life between her and the child whom she had reared. But Meg discovered the good, true soul of Hannah, and was careful that Cad's joy in her new-found mother should in no wise wean her from Hannah. Daily the home became more attractive, as Meg gave herself to its simple adornment, and daily Meg, who at first was tempted to be wearied with its quiet and monotony, found her love for it growing, and realized her own increasing blessing in the blessing which she bestowed on others.

As for Simeon, who for a time was most of all conservative, he watched for a few days the progress of the women in mutual affection, and then completely capitulated, and declared that if ever a blessing had come to a home it was either Cad or Hannah, or his new daughter-in-law, and for the life of him he hardly knew which of them was best.

CHAPTER XI.

AND HE SENT THEM TWO AND TWO.

"And now," said Meg, a few days after Cal Blake's visit, "I must go away for a week."

"Don't leave us!" spoke Hannah and Cad together. And Simeon looked wistful and said: "I'm afeared ef you ever git back to the city, you won't never come back to our pore home."

"Oh, yes, I will. I need to go to sell my diamonds, and I will come back with the money."

Simeon said he sincerely hoped she would succeed.

It was far to any city where there might be a market for diamonds, and Meg debated which she should visit.

All in all, she thought she would better try Washington. There, also, she could inquire into the exact status of Simeon's pension claim. To make sure of this, she obtained from him all possible data by means of ingenious questions about his army experience. At length she started, riding a borrowed horse to the Jofields and saying to Simeon as he turned back, leading her horse behind him, "Meet me here a week from to-day."

Arrived at Washington, she attended first to the pension business, which consumed the whole of one day. Her inquiries brought favourable answers. The old papers submitted were all on file, and recent legislation made the claim much more likely to succeed. The case would be reopened, and if she could obtain one or two local certificates concerning the present state of Sim's health, and the amount of manual labour he was able to perform, there was a strong probability that the pension would be granted, with back pay. The case would be taken up at once, and might be approved as it was, but it would be safer to submit the additional certificates and affidavits. The back pay, Meg estimated, would wipe out the remainder of the mortgage, and the monthly payments, with the farm, would enable them to live.

With a glad heart she turned to the remainder of her errand. She went to one jewellery store after another, and they admired the diamonds, but looked at her suspiciously, and said they did not care to buy. She knew that they suspected her of having stolen them.

"I cannot remove that suspicion," thought she. "I must go where people are less scrupulous."

So, in the gathering darkness, she turned from the broad avenue and went down a side street and entered the door of a pawnshop. The proprietor clutched the diamonds eagerly, examined them carefully, and asked: "Vere you got dem?

"That makes no difference to you," said she. "I got them far from this city."

"You didn't get dem here, eh? Dat vas goot. Vas dey effer been vorn in Vashington?"

"No, never."

"Vell, den I gif you fifty dollar for dem."

"No, thank you."

"How much you vant?"

"Three hundred dollars."

"Dree hundred tollars. Himmel! Vas you grazy? I gif you von hundred. No? Den von hundred and fifty. No? Vell, I tell you vat I do—I gif you two hundred tollar, an' not von cent more."

"They cost five hundred," said Meg, "and I must have three."

"Dree hundred? Dat vas robbery. No, no, I cannot pay it. I tell you vat I do—I gif two hundred und fifty tollar, an' if you don't take it, I call de police!"

Meg started. The police! She felt guilty enough to fear them, though when she stopped to think she knew they could not harm her. Still, this was more than enough to cover the payment, and she would take it. So she closed the trade, and took the money.

Two blocks away she passed a dark alley, made darker by the shadow cast by an electric light. Here a man suddenly emerged just behind her as she passed, and struck her with a stuffed club. She fell senseless, and he dragged her into the alley and began to search her clothing. Just as the villain bent over her, he received a heavy blow behind the ear, dealt by a man who came running up behind. He staggered from the blow, and, falling forward, gathered himself with a great effort, and ran, shouting for the police, but was careful to be well out of sight before the police arrived. The police ambulance soon came, and Meg was taken to the station. She had come to her senses before she arrived, and except for a severe headache, was none the worse for her mishap. She clutched at the place where she had hidden her money and rejoiced to find it still there.

"Who was it saved me?" she asked.

"The man's ridin' on the front o' the ambulance," said the policeman who sat holding her head. "We took him so as to get his evidence if it's needed, but since the feller got away, an' you ain't much hurt, and the money's safe, I guess they'll jes' take your names an' let you go."

The captain said the same, and the two were brought to the desk to tell their story and give their names for use, if needed.

"Your name?" asked the captain, pen in hand.

"Margaret Morell."

"And yours?"

"William Galloway."

The captain began to write, but suddenly stopped in surprise. A

little exclamation from the man, a surprised little cry of recognition from the woman, and they approached, stopped and stood in confusion, looking at each other. The man extended his hand, and the woman took it.

"Why, Will, this does not seem possible!"

"Maggie! Of all the world!"

"Old friends, are you?" asked the captain. And the two or three policemen in the room drew near to hear the story.

"Yes, old friends," said William, and we haven't met for years."

"You seem to have met in a good time," said the captain. "What do you know about this case?"

"I'm a stranger in Washington, captain," said William, "or maybe you might have seen me here. I've been here a day or two, and was wandering along to-night down toward the Division, and I happened to see this lady come out of a pawnshop, and a man standing in the next doorway, that had been watching her, slunk back as she came out, and began shadowing her till he saw which way she was going, then hurried past to hide and meet her. I'm sort of onto such little games myself, and I made up my mind to keep her in sight and help her out if she needed it. I didn't want to seem to be shadowing her myself, so I kept back a little too far, I reckon, but I got there just in time to see her struck. I hurried up behind and gave the man that hit her a good one in return. But I hadn't any sort of notion that I should find she was an old friend."

"Give me your addresses," said the captain, "and I will send for you if I need you."

They gave the number of their respective lodgings, and were dismissed.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LIFE TO COME.

Meg was not more bewildered by the blow upon her head than by the identity of her rescuer. But she was less embarrassed than Bill. The officers noticed their constrained attitude, and Meg hastened to escape. She turned to the door, and Bill followed. She stopped and waited for him on the steps, and he was by her side at once. There they paused, hesitating. Then Meg said:

"I must go home now."

"Shall I walk home with you, Maggie?"

"I should like to have you, Will."

"Is the address you gave the captain your home, Maggie?"

"Only for a few days."

"Where are you living now?"

"I'm at your old home."

"At Roundstone?"

"Yes, I have gone to help my daughter, and yours, Will, to be a better woman than her mother has been."

They walked on in silence for some time. At last she asked, "Where do you live, Will?"

"Wherever my hat's off."

"Are you happy?"

"Happy? No, I'm not. God knows I'm sick of this dog's life that I have followed. I've been tempted a thousand times to quit it and go home, but I'm ashamed to think of it, and I'm sure I couldn't hold out."

They walked on in silence again until they came to Meg's lodging-place.

"Will you come in, Will?" she asked.

"Yes, if you please," he said.

They entered and sat down, and again for some time said nothing.

"Maggie," said he at length, "tell me how you came to go home."

She told him, simply, helped on by his questions, the whole story of her journey, its reasons, and its results. He listened with deep interest, and at times with averted gaze. When she told of the poverty of his parents and the peril of poor Cad, the tears coursed down his cheeks, and when she had finished, it was long before he spoke.

"Maggie," he said at last, "if I thought I could be a help to you I'd"——

"You'd what, Will?"

"I'd do anything. I'd go to the pit if it would help undo the wrong I've done. I was going to say something else, but I'm ashamed to. God bless you for what you're doing, Maggie, and if I could, I'd say, God forgive me for what I've done. Good night, Maggie, I'll call and see you in the morning, if you'll let me."

"Good night, Will. I shall be glad to see you."

Half that night Will Galloway paced his room. At times he threw himself upon his bed, but soon rose again and walked the floor. Twice

he dropped upon his knees and cried: "O Lord, have mercy on me, a sinner!"

Sick as he was of his past life, it had yet a strong grip upon him, and he counted well the cost of reformation. The shame of a return to Roundstone, the monotony of life there, his lack of fitness for any good undertaking, the daily sight of the evil he had wrought—all this came up before him, and struggled with his rising desire for a better life. To try it seemed but to fail, and for worlds he would not do that. He would spare his family the crowning sorrow of a return and a lapse into deeper sin. But just when he seemed to himself about to give it all up, he found himself most constrained to attempt it. He began to feel a struggling faith that the good God who had brought him to Maggie's rescue, and her to his, would help him to be true.

After hours of struggle, he grew more composed, and a definite purpose made its way through the cloud of fear and remorse and bitter memory. Then, for an hour or two, he slept.

In the morning he rose and dressed himself with care, and hastened to the house where he had left Meg. She was waiting for him.

"Maggie," he said, "I must tell you what is in my heart while I have the courage; for when I stop to think of the shameful past, I dare not hope for the future. I have long since given up all hope of reform, though God knows I am sick of the life I lead. If I should go back home alone I know I should fall again. I could not bear the monotony. I could not bear the reproachful looks of the neighbours. I could not bear to see what evil I have brought upon my father's home. But if I ever reform, it must be there, where I can put in my life, or what is left of it, trying to undo what I have done. If you were there to help me—Listen to me, Maggie. I can never be a help to you, but it is just possible that you could save me. You've saved the home. You've saved Cad. Do you think—O Maggie, I'm not worth saving, but will you try to save me?"

Maggie listened with tearful eyes, and then said: "I need your help, Will, quite as much as you need mine. Let us go back together."

They were not needed at the police court. The criminal had made good his escape, and they were free to go their way.

God sends forth his providences two and two, and ever they blend in one. There were two full hearts that day, who looked back together over a shameful and divided past, and together traced the ways by which their lives were reunited, and together, also, they faced the future.

There were perils enough in the way when they stopped to think of them. There were hard battles in prospect,—battles with loneliness, battles with passion only half subdued, battles with self, and battles with Satan at short range; but he caught courage from hers, and she gathered strength from his presence, and both found hope in the prospect of giving themselves for others. Thus ever, if at all, are men's lives, and women's, saved in losing them.

Meg made some simple purchases for the home at Roundstone, while her husband packed his belongings, and that night they took the train toward home.

When they landed two days later at the Jofields, Meg turned to Simeon, who had come to meet her, saying: "Father, you should have brought another horse. For this thy son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."

The End.

CALLED.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

From clouds and from darkness
To shining of day;
From joys that are fleeting
To pleasures for aye.

From bare, sandy deserts
To emerald sheen;
From tempest and tossing
To waters serene.

From rough, mountain pathways
To footing secure;
From perishing treasures
To those that endure.

From care and from peril,
From weakness and pain
To the land where no sorrow
An entrance can gain.

From the vale of the shadow—
Death's terrors all o'er—
To gladness and glory
And life evermore!

HORSELESS CARRIAGES.*

THE AMES FISCHER ELECTRIC CARRIAGE.

The era of horseless carriages may now be said to be fairly inaugurated. The displacement of the horse in our cities is accomplished already by the electric street-car.

The present day is impressive in its wholesale and lavish use and distribution of power. The effort of the engineer is to avoid multiplication of units—to generate his power in one great unit and to distribute it from one central station. To do this he is willing to use it extravagantly—he will do anything to avoid small centres of heat and power generation.

The modern trolley-car is an example of this practice. The power for miles and miles of road is generated in one spot. The economical way of heating a car would be by a stove, the economical way of lighting it would be by oil lamps. But at a great expenditure of energy the lighting and heating are done by electricity. The saving, if any, is effected in the labour and repair accounts. No man is needed to change the lamps, there are no ashes to be disposed of, and no stoves to burn out. But when it is realized that the electric lamps alone in a modern trolley-car represent the consumption of as much power as was needed to propel the old-time horse-car, it will be seen how profusely the modern engineer expends energy.

There is one point that is often overlooked. Insensibly the observer compares the heavy appearance of the horseless carriage with the elegant light-built wagon or coach drawn by horses. To make the comparison of weights complete the horses should be included. The horseless carriage has not much to lose in the comparison, and will have less in the near future. It will become lighter and more efficient.

* Abridged from the *Independent*, *Scientific American*, etc.

It is no new idea. In 1836 nine steam carriages ran regularly on the Paddington Road, London, and a number of others were in use about the city. The railroad did its part in displacing them, but now the balance has shifted, and a great and growing demand for rapid transportation is bringing the horseless carriage to the front. It is claimed that at the present time the motor vehicles can deliver goods from a warehouse in Liverpool to one in Manchester in half the time required for railway transportation.

Motor wagons are shorter than the equivalent ordinary vehicle by the length of a team of horses; the rubber tires do not wear the streets; they do not dirty the pavements. Their advantages for city work are such that it is thought possible that in the near future horse-drawn vehicles may be excluded from cities, or that their access to the central parts may be restricted.

Salomons, a wealthy nobleman of England, whose book on the subject is a standard one, has been investigating the horseless carriage, and appears as its enthusiastic advocate. He describes the driving of a horseless vehicle as lacking in no element of sport, as being absolutely fascinating. Yet he considers the horseless carriage easier to drive than a horse.

A twofold structure is required for transportation–one element is the vehicle, the other is the road. The freight and passenger moving device includes the road as an integral part. Surface resistance is complicated and increased by irregularities, but the elastic tire disposes of this trouble to a very great extent. If a smooth surface could be provided the pneumatic tire would occupy a far less important place than it does now.

In some horseless vehicles the engine has its own set of springs and the body of the vehicle another, in order to save the passenger from the vibration due to the engine.

The motors for driving horseless carriages may be resolved into four general types:

First, we may take the steam engine. It has been enormously improved during the last twenty-five years—the expression is not too strong—and it may do great service in the heavier work of road transportation.

Then comes the explosion engine driven by gasoline or naptha. A barrel of the fluid will drive a four-horsepower motor over six hundred miles.

The electric motor comes next, and if conditions were a little different it would be the perfect, almost humanly perfect, motor. The horse when he reaches a hill may exert five or ten times the power he has been using a minute before. The electric motor does the same. Even the storage battery possesses the same capacity of accommodation. But the necessity for recharging the battery and its weight tell against it. It must have access to recharging stations.

The compressed air vehicle is left. The motor is like the steam engine, an elastic fluid is being dealt with, so that an automatic adjustment of power to load is possible, but the same objections which apply to the electric carriage apply in some degree to this one. The storage question is the main difficulty. Means must be at hand to recharge the reservoirs with compressed air. An additional difficulty is that the pressure in the reservoir diminishes as it is drawn upon. A steam boiler gives its full pressure as long as it has water, but compressed air falls in pressure as it is used in the motor.

Could liquid air be used then a set of new elements which might have important results would appear. It is unsafe to predict any limitation in this age of scientific wonders. Liquid air partially confined can be used to develop any pressure desired up to the highest limits. Whether it ever will be used to drive motors remains to be seen. The difference of temperature between it and the air constitutes practically a furnace for its vaporization—the atmosphere is so much hotter. It cannot be absolutely confined except in prohibitively thick vessels, but it can be kept with little waste and used like water in a steam boiler. Instead of fuel the ordinary temperature of the atmosphere does the work.

The effect upon modern life of horseless vehicles will be very great. Pavements in cities will last longer and will be kept cleaner. In the country regions good roads will become an absolute necessity instead of a luxury, and with the reduced wear due to rational wheels, elastic tires and absence of horses, a light construction of macadam will answer every purpose, and its maintenance cost under the new conditions will be slight. The proposed steel roads laid with broad, flat steel rails will be peculiarly applicable to motor wagons, as there will be no horses to cut up the road between the rails.

A farmer who can reach his neighbour ten miles distant in half an hour will no longer complain of isolation. The transportation of crops to the railroads will be facilitated, so that his operations will take

on a more business-like aspect. The mails can be delivered over extended areas from house to house. The greatest changes from the social and business aspects will be brought about in the life of the farmer. His truck-wagons with vegetables and farm produce will run to the cities from distances of a hundred miles, and a vast area around each great centre of population will be tributary directly to its central markets.

The bicycle will not be displaced, but in the securing of good roads the horseless carriage will be its most potent ally.

Woods' Electric Motor Vehicles.

The art of motor vehicle construction has made such progress in the United States that one firm, the Fischer Equipment Company, of Chicago, are enabled to present twenty-nine different types of vehicles. In fact, the company has about the same range of diversity in design that is offered by the large carriage manufacturers' catalogues of ordinary horse-drawn vehicles.

The Fischer Equipment Company are making arrangements to build a large number of Woods' electric cabs for use in the city of Chicago, and in some of the large cities they have been received with so much favour that they are filling many orders for private use, and are building a number of vehicles for European trade.

The Woods' moto-vehicles are admirably designed, and one noticeable thing is that wood wheels and hard rubber tires are used almost exclusively. All annoyances due to punctures are thus done away with.

Is the automobile dangerous to foot-passengers? The compact mass of the iron steed rushing along at a great speed is certainly an object of dread to the passer-by. Ignorance, however, is the cause of his fear. Any automobile can be brought to a halt in two meters; a mechanical carriage of 700 kilos. possesses more rapid and powerful brakes than an omnibus with three horses, weighing 5,000 kilos.! In fact there is no mechanism more inoffensive, no means of transport more sure and safe.

Mr. A. E. Ames and a number of Toronto people are interested in the Fischer Equipment Company of Chicago, which manufactures electric vehicles of the best type yet produced in the United States. The Cab Company was formed for operating cabs in Toronto, and these should be on the streets before the Industrial Exhibition. Several carriages, including a Victoria, a Brake, and a Run-About Buggy, are to be in Toronto within a few days. Mr. A. E. Ames is building an "automobile coach-house," which will, we think, be the first of the kind on the continent.

SONG OF CANADIAN PIONEERS.

BY LURGAN FOYLE.

We have felt the fire of a wild desire,
  We have followed our whim to roam;
We broke from the yoke of our plodding folk,
  And severed the ties of home.
As our fathers before, in days of yore,
  Came wand'ring over the main,
To conquer the soil with their blood and toil,
  And people a wide domain.

We have pushed our way where the beavers play,
  In the hush of the virgin wood;
We have lifted the sod where man ne'er trod
  Since the Lord pronounced it good.
And our path has led where the buffalo fed
  On the prairies vast and wide,
Where the glitt'ring grain now brightens the plain,
  And the farmstead close beside.

We have wrung the gold from its icy fold
  On the verge of the Arctic line;
And the mountains yield to the tools we wield
  The glist'ning wealth of the mine.

We have cast our nets where the Fraser frets
  Against the rush of the tide—
For our lives are free as the boundless sea
  And wide as our land is wide.

We have garnered a store on every shore;
  We have tasted the first-fruits sweet;
But thro' danger's breath, in the face of death,
  The price we have paid was meet.
How many have died by the wild trail-side—
  How many a comrade's laid
In his lonely grave where the pine-trees wave
  Or plains in horizon fade.

We have opened a way for you who stay
  In the pitiless cities' strife,
To the free, clear air, where there's land to spare
  And a man can live his life.
Tho' hard be the toil till we win the soil,
  The harvest is rich indeed,
For ye build a home that is all your own,
  And ye fill the Empire's need.

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF LORD SELBORNE.*

BY JAMES H. RIGG, D.D

One of the most important recent biographies is that of the Earl of Selborne. He was a noble example of the Christian statesman, happily not uncommon in English public life. Under his better-known title of Roundell Palmer, he early won distinction at Oxford and in Parliament. He became Attorney-General of Great Britain in 1864, was offered the Chancellorship in 1868, but declined this great office on account of his difference with Mr. Gladstone on the subject of the disestablishment of the Irish Church. In 1872, he was counsel for the British Government at the Geneva Court of Arbitration, was soon after raised to the peerage under the title of Lord Selborne, and became Lord Chancellor, retiring in 1874 with the Gladstone ministry. He edited the "Book of Praise from the Best English Hymn-Writers." His deeply religious spirit is shown in this collection of hymns. His life is made the subject of two very interesting articles by the Rev. Dr. Rigg in the London *Quarterly Review*. From the second of these we make the following extract.—ED.

Lord Selborne's had been, as a whole, not only a life of high influence and great dignity, but one also of great happiness, though the death of his wife, which occurred at a comparatively early period, took the bright sunshine out of his life's evening. That bereavement left behind it a lasting grief which, however, was not all sorrow, for the memory of his wife was precious and hallowed, and, as widower, he retained it intact as his cherished possession.

His family life was singularly happy. Lady Selborne, for grace and graciousness, for beauty, and for sweetness of manners, had few equals in the best society of England. Their union was a pre-eminently Christian union. Before he married he had worked late into, or, on occasion, even through the night. After his marriage he changed his mode of life in this respect. He went early to bed but rose early to work, sometimes hours before daylight. Family prayer and private prayer together with his wife rounded each day's work. His Sabbaths were sacred, no matter what pressure of business lay upon him. High Churchman though he was, in a certain anti-ritualist sense, he attended the church at which his wife and her family had been accustomed to worship, a church in which an earnest and experimental Evangelical ministry was unfailingly maintained. He taught a class, first of boys and afterwards of young men, on the Sunday afternoon, to prepare for which he not seldom rose at an early hour on the Sunday morning. His children all grew up earnest and decided Christians, and married (except the unmarried daughter who has so admirably edited these memorials) in accordance with his best desires and his settled judgment.

His son, the present Earl of Selborne, was united in marriage to Lord Salisbury's daughter; and Mr. Gladstone, as the common friend of the two families, made the congratulatory speech at the wedding breakfast. In his country parish he and his family gave themselves to every good work, and he saw the home which he had planned and made for himself and his family shape and develop into a lovely and restful retreat from the strenuous labours of his official life. In all these respects there is not a trace of disappointment, but every evidence of the fullest happiness in the records which he has left.

Lord Salisbury made an observation which is notable not only in itself, but because of the reference made to it afterwards by Lord Rosebery. "Abroad," said Lord Salisbury, "and to some extent in this country, you will find men who affect to think that attachment to Christianity, and a belief in its truths, is an indication of a feeble intellect. But no one who knew intimately either Lord Cairns or Lord Selborne, as I had the privilege to do, could doubt that, while they belonged to the acutest intellects which have ever adorned parliament or the law at any period of our history, they were not less remarkable for the intensity of the belief and the conviction with which they cherished the Christian truths, which they supported by their conduct, and to which they had always been attached." These words of Lord Salisbury were confirmed by Lord Rosebery in a passage which we dare not omit. The brilliant leader of the Liberal party said:

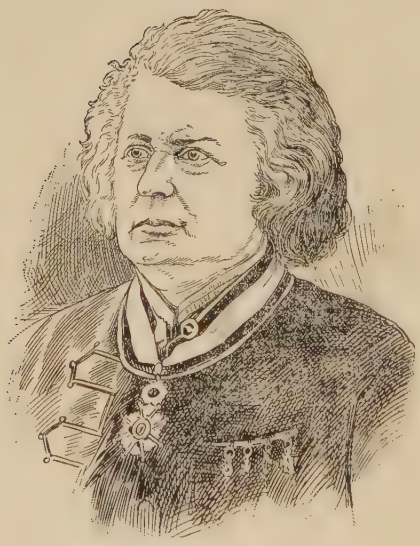
"We have the memory of an industry which was in reality sleepless, and of which the traditions surpass, perhaps, all that is known of human industry. We have that disregard of worldly position, of worldly temptation, which led him in 1868 to

* "Memorials of the Earl of Selborne," Four vols. London: Macmillan & Co. Price, fifty shillings.

refuse the great prize of his profession rather than palter with principles which he held higher than any prize or any profession. I think he showed something of that in his appearance. There was something in his austere simplicity of manner which I think must have recalled to every onlooker something of those great lawyers of the Middle Ages, who were also great Churchmen, for to me, at any rate, Lord Selborne always embodied that great conception and that great combination. I congratulate the noble marquess who spoke last on having touched a higher and deeper note than any of those who preceded him; and I, at a great distance and with great humility, beg to associate myself most entirely with the praise which he passed on Lord Selborne in the religious aspect of his career."

Well may we thank Heaven for the succession of great statesmen, in our country and in these last years, who have been witnesses in word and life to the divine truth of the revelation of Jesus Christ. Of Chancellors who have upheld and adorned the Christian profession we can, besides the present holder of the office, mention in unbroken succession, Lord Hatherly, Lord Cairns, Lord Selborne, and Lord Herschell, while Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury have both been steadfast and consistent exemplars of Christian profession and conduct. There has never, perhaps, before been such a bright and great succession, in the highest places of earthly power and dignity, of witnesses for the things that are unseen and eternal, and for the "kingdom that cannot be moved."

A DISTINGUISHED ARTIST.



Rosa Bonheur.

We have to chronicle the death of the great cattle-painter, at the age of seventy-seven years. Rosa Bonheur began to be an artist, as many another as done, by the bread-and-butter work of copying pictures in the Louvre, but this did not last long. When only nineteen she exhibited two original works, and seven years brought her to the honour of a first-class medal from the Paris Salon. She was unselfish in her success, and founded a free school for women's work in design. The next year she painted what many consider her masterpiece, "Ploughing in the Nivernais." It was bought by the French Government, and hangs in the Luxembourg. Some years later she painted an equally famous picture, "The Horse Fair." It was sold to the late A. T. Stewart, and then for $55,500 to Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who generously presented it to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. A smaller-sized replica hangs in the British Museum.

In the sixties she received the exceptional distinction of being enrolled in the Legion of Honour, and later was advanced to the grade of officer in that order. Her fame, however, had long become international; it was felt that she belonged not only to France but to all the world—so much so that at the siege of Paris her residence was spared by the order of the Emperor Frederick, then Crown Prince of Prussia. "Don't touch a cabbage of that garden," he said. Ever since the painting of the "Nivernais," exactly half a century ago, she has been overwhelmed with orders from eager collectors, who insisted on paying for their pictures before they were begun. In her every period, however, her canvases live with robust, real, vivid life. She was notable in composition, in anatomy, in breadth of touch, in harmony of colour. Her sex was often unguessed by the graziers, stablemen, and butchers with whom she associated. Her life was as simple, frugal, hearty, as their own. By the side of the names of Mrs. Browning, George Eliot, George Sand, Queen Victoria, Florence Nightingale—in any list of the century's famous women, the name of Rosa Bonheur must find place.—*The Outlook.*

THE LOVE-LETTERS OF TWO POETS.*

The world would have been irreparably the poorer if these letters had not been published. They reveal the innermost souls of their writers in their most exalted and sacred moments. But the revelation of the pure and noble passion of these great poets is an undying benefit conferred upon mankind. Literary history presents no parallel to this love-story. Mrs. Browning, the noblest woman poet of all time, has won the epithet of "Shakespeare's Daughter." Robert Browning is unquestionably the Shakespeare of the nineteenth century.

A recent biographer of Mrs. Browning declares, "Not a finer genius ever came into this world, or went out of it; not a nobler heart ever beat in a human bosom; not a more Christian life was ever lived; not a more beautiful memory ever followed the name of man or woman after death."

The circumstances of their courtship and marriage present features of unique and touching interest. Elizabeth Barrett had lived for years the life of an invalid. A fall from her horse seriously injured her spine. The loss of her mother, and the death by drowning of her beloved brother almost broke her heart. Much of her time she spent in a darkened room seeing no one but her nurse, her physician and her father. Her poems brought name and fame, but little comfort to her empty, aching heart. Robert Browning, a great admirer of her genius, sent her one of his books and wished to see her. The doctors forbade it, but Browning persisted and they met. A marriage engagement soon followed. The poet lovers wrote to each other almost every day, sometimes twice a day. They discussed art, philosophy, poetry, and above all the endless subject of love. Of all his vast correspondence these sacred relics are all that Browning kept. To read them is like the opening of a shrine. One feels that he should take the shoes off his feet, for the place where he stands is holy ground.

This man and woman had got well beyond the first flush of youth. Theirs was a joining of intellect and soul which approaches the ideal. Miss Barrett at first shrank from meeting the gifted poet. "I am a recluse with nerves that have been all broken on the rack. You seem to have drunken of the cup of life full with the sun shining on it. I have lived only inwardly, or with sorrow for a strong emotion." But the masterful soul conquered her reserve and won her love. "When grief came upon grief," she writes, "I never was tempted to ask 'How have I deserved this of God?' as sufferers sometimes do. I always felt that there must be cause enough. . . . Corruption enough, needing purification. . . . Weakness enough, needing strengthening. . . . Nothing of the chastisement could come to me without cause and need. But in this different hour, when joy follows joy, and God makes me happy, as you say, through you . . . I cannot repress the . . . 'How have I deserved this of Him?'—I know I have not—I know I do not. Could it be that heart and life were devastated to make room for you?—if so, it was well done—dearest! They leave the ground fallow before the wheat."

"You have my heart," she says, "with you as if it lay in your hand. Your will is mine—*volo quod vis.*"

The doctors had ordered Miss Barrett to Italy for the winter as the only hope of restoration to health, but her father obstinately refused to consider the idea. Browning took the matter into his own hands, arranged for their marriage whether with or without her father's consent—"Call it felony or burglary if you will," he says.

Miss Barrett writes tenderly concerning her perverse parent. When he called her "mumpish," "Perhaps she is nervous," her aunt apologized. "I said not one word. When birds have their eyes put out they are apt to be 'mumpish.' Poor papa. I hope he will try to forgive me as I have forgiven him long ago."

Browning's father, on the other hand, was a generous-hearted man. "If we were poor," writes his son, "it is to my father's infinite glory." He conceived such a hatred of the slave system in the West Indies that he relinquished every prospect to free himself from the curse and contamination of slave-won wealth. Browning took his father and mother into his confidence. They offered him a hundred pounds, but he would only borrow it, to be repaid out of his first earnings.

* "The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, 1845-1846." With portraits and fac-similes. Two volumes. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 1,145. Price, $5.00.

On the eve of her marriage Miss Barrett writes: "I began a letter to papa this morning, and could do nothing but cry, and looked so pale thereupon, that everybody wondered what could be the matter. I will not write more—I cannot. By to-morrow at this time, I shall have you only to love me—my beloved! It is dreadful . . . dreadful . . . to have to give pain here by a voluntary act—for the first time in my life. Do you pray for me to-night, Robert. Pray for me, and love me, that I may have courage, feeling both."

One day they quietly took a cab to Marylebone parish church and were married. The bride went home alone, and it was a week before her husband saw her, because he would not ask for her by her maiden name. At the end of the week the bride stole down the steps alone, leading her dog Flush by a string, and met her lover-husband on the corner. Next day they wrote back from Calais, asking forgiveness and craving blessings after the good old custom of Gretna Green. But Edward Moulton Barrett did not forgive. He never opened one of her many letters, and died unreconciled to his gifted daughter.

Immediately after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Browning started for Italy. They at first resided at Pisa, but later chose Florence as their home. The delicate invalid recovered her health marvellously in this atmosphere of love and happiness. Her death was the fit close of such a pure and tender life. Even at the very last she knew not that the end was so near, and smilingly chid her husband for his anxiety. She passed away in his arms, in such peace as lingered for long, a consoling reflection, in the minds of those who had lost her and who otherwise would have mourned too bitterly. "God took her," so Browning wrote to her dearest friend after all was over, "as you might lift a tired, frightened child out of the dark into your arms and the light."

Mrs. Browning's was one of the purest and most spiritual souls that ever dwelt in mortal body. It gleamed on her countenance, like a lamp through an alabaster vase. It breathed in her verse, like the breath of heaven. Her Sonnets from the Portuguese, which are sonnets from her own heart, tell the story of this lyric love.

"Guess now who holds thee?"—"Death," I said. But there,
The silver answer rung . . "Not Death, but Love."

Can it be right to give what I can give?
To let thee sit beneath the fall of tears
As salt of mine?

Thy soul hath snatched up mine all faint and weak,
And placed it by thee on a golden throne,—
And that I love (O soul, we must be meek!)
Is by thee only, whom I love alone.

First time he kissed me, he but only kissed
The fingers of this hand wherewith I write;
And, ever since, it grew more clean and white, . . .
Slow to world-greetings . . . quick with its "Oh, list,"
When the angels speak. A ring of amethyst
I could not wear here, plainer to my sight
Than that first kiss. The second passed in height
The first, and sought the forehead, and half missed,
Half falling on the hair. O, beyond meed!
That was the chrism of love, which love's own crown,
With sanctifying sweetness, did precede.
The third upon my lips was folded down
In perfect, purple state; since when, indeed,
I have been proud and said, "My love, my own."

"Browning's touching and beautiful devotion," says Mr. Clifford Howard, "to his invalid wife grew ever stronger and more fervent with the passing of years. Not once in all their married life was he absent from her a single day. In after years, when the light had gone from his life, he sought on the twelfth of each September the sacred spot where they had been wed, and in the dusk of the evening shadows passers-by might have seen a white-haired man kneeling for a moment as if in prayer before the doorway of the dark and silent church."

We have in this book glimpses of the religious life and Dissenting sympathies of both the Brownings. Mrs. Browning writes: "I like, beyond comparison best, the simplicity of the Dissenters . . . the unwritten prayer . . . the sacraments administered quietly and without charlatanism; and the principle of a church, as they hold it, I hold it too, . . . quite apart from state necessities. . . . Pure from the law. The Unitarians seem to me to throw over what is most beautiful in the Christian doctrine; but the Formulists, on the other side, stir up a dust, in which it appears excusable not to see. When the veil of the body falls, how we shall look into each other's faces, astonished, . . . after one glance at God's!"

The World's Progress.

THE "HOUSE IN THE WOOD," THE HAGUE.

The Parliament of Man.

For the first time in the world's history have as many nations as are represented at the Peace Conference at the Hague ever met together for the discussion of international policy. It is an omen of brightest augury of the ultimate triumph of right over might that such a Conference should be held. All honour to the Czar of Russia for taking the initiative in this great movement. Russia's acts may seem inconsistent with Russia's words. The voice may be the voice of Jacob, while the hands are those of Esau. But for this the young Czar is not responsible. He has less real power in directing the councils of Russia than Lord Salisbury has in those of England, or Mr. McKinley in those of the United States.

Nevertheless it is a momentous thing that so many of the wisest statesmen of the Old and New World meet around a green table amid the seclusion of the House of the Wood to discuss the atrocities of war, the means of their mitigation or prevention, and the possibilities of a permanent Court of Arbitration and the reign of peace. The weight of the Anglo-Saxon statesmanship of Great Britain and America is strongly in favour of a Court of Peace. We may assume that Russia and the minor powers will cast in their influence on the same behalf. Germany, true to her autocratic militarism, seems opposed. It is an interference with the divine right of kings—the historic "right divine to govern wrong"—to sacrifice millions of lives on the altar of unhallowed ambition.

All that there has been hoped for and dreamed of may not at once be secured. But great ideas have been launched which will move on to ever-wider horizons with ever-increasing power. The waste and woe and wickedness of war are being emphasized. The false and fading glory of arms is being revealed as a delusive *ignis fatuus*. The war spirit will surely be exorcised by the advancement of intelligence, of civilization, of religion. It is but a survival of the brutish instincts of the cavemen of the stone age—of the

THE "HOUSE IN THE WOOD"—REAR VIEW.

Where the Peace Conference is being held.

reign of violence of the Vikings and Berserkers.

Every invention and discovery that makes war more costly, more deadly, more disastrous, even to the victor, will lessen the dangers of its occurrence and shorten its duration. A few centuries ago it was the chronic condition of Europe. Septs and tribes and clans were perpetually at war. The narrower the cockpit the fiercer the fight. In the Saxon Heptarchy, among the Highland glens, amid the German forests, war was the normal condition. Every advance of civilization has mitigated its horrors and asserted the superiority of reason and righteousness over brute force and slaughter. The integration of Britain, of France, of Germany, of Italy, of the Russian Provinces, lessens the causes of strife, promotes the unity and solidarity of the race, and is a presage and a promise of the coming time foreseen by sage and seer—

When the war-drum throbs no longer and the battle-flag is furled
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world.

The Transvaal Trouble.

The alleged conspiracy in the Transvaal seems to have been a ridiculous fiasco. Some hare-brained and irresponsible men may have been goaded by oppression into illegal acts; but it seems to have been fomented by the agents of the Transvaal Government in order to put the Outlanders in the wrong. A more serious peril is the obstinacy of Paul Kruger in refusing rational concessions to the men who have created the wealth of the bankrupt Republic. It is intolerable that, paying nine-tenths of the taxes, they should have no part in the administration, that they should be denied all rights of citizenship except after a preposterous probation, that their children should have no schooling except in the barbarous Boer tongue, that they should be pillaged by grinding monopolies, and should be subject to insult and outrage, without protection and without redress.

The nation that sent an army to the highlands of Abyssinia for the rescue of a couple of wandering Englishmen will certainly not permit thousands of her subjects to suffer such wrongs in a land over which she claims suzerainty. An armed conflict between the Transvaal and Great Britain could have only one result. Because a few hundred beleaguered British surrendered to an overwhelming force at Majuba Hill, and Mr. Gladstone magnanimously granted peace to prevent a needless effusion of blood, furnishes no ground for the belief that the tiny Republic could resist the might of the Empire. And Paul Kruger knows it. The danger is that of promoting a race war between the British and the Boers

These pictures, taken from *The Sunday Companion*, of London, represent the relative sizes of the sums spent by Great Britain upon navy, army, and missions.

throughout South Africa. Kruger is accused of furnishing arms to the Boers in Natal. Here, surely, would be a fit subject to lay before a Supreme Court of Peace, were such existing, that would secure the triumphs of right without the horrors of war.

The French Crisis.

Another French Ministry has fallen. We wonder how many this is since the birth of the Republic amid the throes of the Franco-Prussian War. Goldwin Smith says one for each year of its history. If it were not that the Parisians have given a hostage for peace in the preparation for the end-of-the-century exposition there would probably be another revolution. But the monetary interests of this great enterprise will probably avert or postpone an appeal to arms.

The nation seems adopting a saner view of the Dreyfus affair. With all his faults the Frenchman is not unchivalric. Driven by the wiles of the Jesuits, the Jew-baiters, and a Jesuit-trained army to exile the victim of a vile conspiracy to the fever-breeding swamps of the well-named Devil's Island, in a recurrence of sanity they will probably reverse his sentence if they do not make him the hero of the hour.

In the Philippines.

The revolt in the Philippines drags its slow length along. American troops show unfailing valour. So do the desperate Filipinos. The best allies of the insurgents are the tropical rains, the fever-breeding swamps, the enervating influence of the climate. But the resources of civilization, of unlimited wealth and national pride will overcome these ; and the insurgents are probably in their last ditch.

It is easy being wise after the event, and easy to criticise at a distance the mistakes which have been made. The "peaceful assimilation" of Mr. McKinley's programme, in the light of events has rather an ironical sound. It must not be assumed that the Americans are fighting against the bulk of the Filipinos, but against a desperate faction who find in fighting their only escape from utter defeat and disgrace. Nine-tenths of the people are doubtless weary of war and eager to welcome the even-handed justice they may expect from the United States.

Our cartoon, shown on next page, taken from *Ram's Horn*, shows the growing sense of intolerance of the white man's burden, the militarism of the age. Two-thirds of the taxes of Great Britain, it is alleged, go to pay the interest on the war debt of the country. The toiler in the field bends beneath the burden which taxes his very flesh and blood, which oppresses his industries, and destroys by fire and sword the wealth he has created. The democratic spirit of the age will not long tolerate such a wrong. Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea was nothing to the man-eating ogre carried by the industrialism of the age.

Exit Hispania.

Almost the last vestiges of her colonial empire have passed away from Spain in her cession of the Ladrone, Caroline, and Palaos Islands to Germany for the sum of five million dollars. If Spain will but correct the mistakes, the misgovernment, the intolerance, and the wrong which have caused the dwindling of her mighty

empire, she may yet have a not unworthy future. Her history during the long war with the Moors in the Iberian Peninsula was full of splendid heroism. In the development of home resources and industries, the elevation and education of the people, she may find a nobler reward than in the dreams of colonial ambition. In the death of Senor Castelar, the able, eloquent, high-minded, liberty-loving statesman, she has sustained an irreparable loss. Had his counsels been heeded a larger liberty at home and abroad would have prevented the revolts which have wrought her ruin.

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN.—*The Ram's Horn, Chicago.*

The Boundary Dispute.

The American press has found great fault with Canada for her alleged aggressiveness in the matter of the Yukon boundary. They describe the Dominion as the spoiled child of the British family, and say that but for its perverseness the mother country would have before this effected a settlement of this vexed question. Most of these papers assume that all the right is with the United States, and all the wrong with Canada. The *Outlook*, however, judiciously remarks that one story is good till another is told.

This is the fatal effect of trial by newspaper, whether of individual or of national affairs. The journalist who would not venture to criticise a criminal trial while in progress feels quite competent to decide off-hand a great political question, or to settle a boundary dispute which has the most complex and involved relations. This surely is a matter for experts, or for a Court of Arbitration. Instead of imputing all manner of wrong motives, selfishness and greed, let us rather assume that Great Britain and Canada and the United States wish only their respective rights, and leave the decision to the statesmen, experts, or arbitrators who, without fear or favour, will see that absolute justice is done.

In the accompanying map (see next page), we show the boundary claimed by the two countries, and give, as follows, the opinion of leading American writers on the subject.

The history of the dispute is set forth with some minuteness by Prof. Mendenhall in the *Atlantic Monthly*:

"The American purchase of Alaska from Russia in 1867 included a strip of the coast (*lisière de côte*) extending from north latitude 54° 40′ to the region of Mount St. Elias. This strip was to be separated from the British possessions by a range of mountains (then supposed to exist) parallel to the coast, or in the case of these mountains being too remote, by a line parallel to the windings (*sinuosités*) of the coast, and nowhere greater than ten marine leagues from the same. Since that date the development of the northwest has shown the value of this *lisière*."

According to Prof. Mendenhall the course of the United States in reference to Venezuela, in demanding that England should submit her dispute to arbitration, is certain to prove an embarrassment in the Alaskan dispute. It will be impossible to refuse arbitration in Alaska.

MAP SHOWING DISPUTED CANADIAN AND ALASKAN BOUNDARIES.

Eliza B. Scidmore, in the *Century*, writes much more temperately: "For a quarter of a century there has been complete indifference to the unsettled Alaska boundary line on the part of the United States, followed recently by excited and intemperate utterances in the newspapers, based on half information, miners' yarns, and imagination, as deplorable in effect as the former indifference. Public opinion is being misled and prejudiced to a degree that renders peaceable considerations of the question difficult. Wild editorials have given such hints, points and suggestions for Canadian 'aggressions,' were such intended, that one might believe the Jingo journalists hypnotized from across the border, so much better do they serve the Dominion's ends than those of our 'neglected estate,' of Alaska."

Canada is not a spoiled child, but a partner in the Empire. Great Britain is not now likely to repeat the mistake, more than once made, of sacrificing our interests. The way in which the State of Maine juts into our Dominion territory, and the boundary concessions on the Pacific Coast, are illustrations of this. Lowell makes Bird O'Fredum Sawin state, with reference to the conflict between the United States and Mexico, "Our country's bigger than theirn be, and so its rights air bigger." We hope our American friends will not approach this discussion in that spirit. They may be more numerous and more wealthy than the people of Canada, but that is no reason they should desire to annex Naboth's vineyard till Naboth's rights are disproved. Canada is willing to do everything in her power to promote permanent good-will and peace with our neighbours, but not to sacrifice the rights of our people. Great Britain at length recognizes the fact that

"Daughter we are in our mother's house,
But mistress in our own."

Charities Conference.

This annual conference in Toronto gives promise of large results. It affords the opportunity for the friends of social reform to compare notes, to take counsel and to seek to prevent the waste and want and woe that exist among the "social residuum." Giving money is often the worst thing that can be done. The best help for the poor man is to teach him to help himself. What he needs is more guiding than giving. Not three per cent. of the casuals applying for relief at the House of Industry, it was affirmed, were really deserving. Some trade upon the charities of the Church, and live by lying and fraud. Prevention is better than cure. It costs $12.30 a year to educate a child, and $100 a year to watch a criminal. Dr. Oldright, in his address on chronic inebriates, said that short-term imprisonment was a failure. The drink habit in many became a disease which could only be cured in an inebriate asylum. Dr. Gilmour referred to the anomaly of licensing the sale of liquor and then providing a hospital to cure a disease it caused.

A strong deputation recently waited upon the Government to urge the establishment of such an asylum. Canada makes ampler provision for her unfortunate classes than any other country in the world, but a good deal yet remains to be done. Inspector Stark stated that juvenile crime was increasing in Toronto. The bad education of the streets was doing much to neutralize that received in home or school.

These problems are among the most important that confront the community. These conferences do much to aid its solution. Dr. Gilmour a year ago asked the pertinent question: "Does the Toronto public know that it pays in municipal taxes every year a quarter of a million dollars for the police, and only one-half a million to educate the tens and tens of thousands of children in high and public schools?" He strongly urged the one great truth, "Take care of the children." He estimated that the 1,000 children furnished with foster-homes through the children's aid societies had emptied the Central Prison twice.

The Passing of the Hawaiians.

The death of the Princess Liliuokalani emphasizes the fact of the passing of the

PRINCESS LILIUOKALANI.

gentle race of the Hawaiians, of whom she was a distinguished ornament. In the stress and strain of modern life the soft and effeminate Southern races seem likely to disappear in the struggle for existence and survival of the fittest. A writer in *Harper's Weekly* thus describes the character and seemingly inevitable fate of these island people:

"There are excellent qualities in the native. The Hawaiians are a polite, easy-going people, children really, with an inordinate fondness for flattery, and other sweets more material, indolent, cheerful, generous and honest. They love flowers, music and singing—surely what sweeter, purer things could they love?—and their native songs are full of melody and sentiment. In play they are delightful; in living, Arcadian; in work they labour under the disadvantage that comes to all children of nature. You pity their improvidence, and perhaps their irresponsibility may irritate, but the general affectionate nature of these soft-voiced people must appeal to your heart. And so, with the flower *leis* about his hat, and the laughter of contentment in his eye, the native Hawaiian is passing—blending with the stronger races for the making of a composite type—unique, attractive, alert, more fitted to combat with nineteenth-century civilization and life."

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

The Conferences.

The leafy month of June is an ideal time for holding the Conferences. The country is in its richest lush luxuriance. The orchards are abloom. The air is redolent with fragrance. The journey to the Conference is the only outing that many of its members have. It is, therefore, very pleasant that it should come in the crisis of the springtime, when it is a joy to be alive.

It is, of course, impossible in the few pages at our command to sketch even in outline the proceedings of the several Conferences, which were held almost simultaneously. We can only note a few of their broad features. Dr. Carman, our ever-youthful General Superintendent, succeeds in paying a visit to several of the Conferences. To do this he has almost literally to fly, to solve the Hibernian problem, "How can a man be two places at once, unless he is a bird?" His visits and addresses are always an inspiration and spiritual uplift. His understanding of the times and of their need, and his intense evangelical earnestness give his words of weight and wisdom a tremendous impact and force. Like Luther's his words are half battles.

His strong and sturdy utterances in regard to the perils which menace the Sabbath were a bugle-call to rally for the defence of God's best gift to man. Our quiet Canadian Sunday, with its rest for the body and ministrations to the higher life of the soul, is imperilled. The greed for gain of conscienceless corporations threatens to break down its bulwarks against the tide of worldliness, to disturb its hallowed calm and to lay waste its pleasant places. *Obsta Principiis* is a good rule. Resist the beginnings of evil. The invasion of the Sabbath by the street-cars and other secularizing influences have already distinctly lowered the moral tone of the community with respect to the command of God to remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy.

Dr. Carman's ringing words on the subject of the prohibition of the liquor traffic, the greatest curse of our country, rose far above any mere question of party politics. More than tariff or legislative reform, more than home or foreign policies, does this question affect the moral and physical well-being of the people. That Quebec does not want prohibition is no reason that the Provinces that demand it should be denied their right.

Many of the people, the careless Galios, lost a splendid opportunity to strike for God and home and native land by giving as large a vote for prohibition as was secured in the previous Provincial plebiscites. But a sufficient number of them in all the Provinces except Quebec gave such a verdict against the liquor traffic as demands a recognition by the Government, and, at least, some attempt to solve the greatest problem of the times and to abate its greatest evil.

Dr. Carman did well to protest against the use of public schools and collegiate buildings, which are the property of the whole community and not of a section of it, for dancing parties, to which the earnestly religious people in all the Churches are strenuously opposed. He might have gone further and protested also against the civic functions and inauguration balls, in which public money is employed in social dissipations to which many of the tax-burdened citizens who pay the piper conscientiously object. We protest against the opening of the City Hall and Court House of Toronto with a Belshazzar's Feast that the city cannot afford, to which only the gilded "society people" would be invited, at the expense of the horny-handed sons of toil. We regret that the social courtesies of so excellent a Governor-General as Lord Aberdeen should take a form which a very large proportion of the population, not less loyal than any, were, by their religious convictions, debarred from accepting.

The Twentieth Century Fund at the Conferences.

Some of the strongest utterances of the General Superintendent at the several Conferences were on this great movement, the greatest to which our Church has ever been committed. Most properly its spiritual aspect was specially emphasized. A gracious outpouring of the Divine Spirit and a great revival of religion are the essential conditions of the success of this movement. It must not be a vain-

glorious numbering of the tribes of our Israel, but a devout thank-offering for the many mercies of the past, an earnest consecration to service in the future.

An unfortunate accident rendered it impossible for Dr. Potts to be present at all of the central Conferences. At those where he was able to attend, however, he rendered important service to this great enterprise. He, too, strongly emphasized its spiritual aspect. If this can be kept in the very forefront there will be no doubt or difficulty about raising the fund. The very effort will be an unspeakable blessing to the Church and to every individual concerned.

Dr. Potts described the enthusiasm with which a similar project was prosecuted in Great Britain and Ireland. He described the remarkable success already attained, and narrated some touching incidents of the consecration of this high ideal of some very poor persons. He outlined the very complete arrangements which are being made for the success of this gigantic enterprise. It can only achieve success by fulfilling Chalmers' dictum concerning Methodism,—"all at it and always at it." Not the large donations of a few rich men, but the smaller gifts of the whole Methodist household—of the last man, woman, and child throughout the wide Connexion—will be needed; yes, and the devout *in memoriam* gifts for those who have passed triumphant to the skies.

The Conference Towns.

Throughout the central Conferences the gathering of the tribes of our spiritual Israel has been in the smaller towns and cities. Without a personal visit it is impossible to conceive the June loveliness of these favoured places. Brockville, Belleville, St. Catherines, Windsor, and Owen Sound gave a cordial welcome to the Conferences. Our friends whose lot is cast in these smaller communities are much to be envied. They have all the substantial advantages of the larger cities, together with most of the advantages of rural and suburban neighbourhoods. Away from the rush and roar of the stony streets and trolley-cars the air of quiet and the serenity is very favourable to the rational enjoyment of life, and especially the transaction of Conference business.

In Toronto the Conference may come and go and create not a ripple in the stream of public or social life; but at Owen Sound the addresses of welcome from the Mayor and corporation, from the warden and county council, and from the city ministers, were almost an embarrassment of riches. The visit of the Conference should be a religious uplift to the community where it is so cordially welcomed.

The Heart of the Conference.

The Friday evening service, the reception of the young men to be received into full connection and ordained, is the very climax of the Conference meetings. It is always attended with the most intense interest and accompanied by much spiritual profit. The story of God's guiding hand, of the conversion and call to the ministry of the new knights-errant of Methodism who don the armour and receive their accolade, touches every heart. The godly counsels, the wise words and solemn charge of their elder brethren in the ministry produce an impression never to be forgotten.

We have not yet fully learned the tabulated result of the year's work, but it is on the whole encouraging. While there is room for heart-searching in that still greater success has not been achieved, there is ground for gratitude that so much has been accomplished, that, while so many have passed away to the kingdom of the skies, so many have been brought into God's kingdom on earth.

Methodism is the most democratic Church on earth. It is not unsympathetic towards the toiling masses of whose ranks it is so largely composed. The prevailing strike among the employees of the Grand Trunk Railway furnished the occasion for a strong declaration of sympathy with the trackmen who fail to share the abounding prosperity of the country.

The reports of departmental officers were received with the greatest kindness and heartiness of appreciation. It is an unspeakable pleasure to serve to the best of one's ability so generous-hearted a constituency.

The grant of $10,500 by the Book Committee to the Superannuation Fund is an indication of the value of the Publishing House at Toronto—over and above the vital service which it renders to the cause of truth and righteousness by preaching with the myriad tongues of the printed page the gospel of God's grace. A similar service, though, of course, in less degree, is rendered the Supernumerary Fund by the Publishing House at Halifax.

In the great disaster which has befallen Sackville University in the destruction by fire of its splendid college residence, that institution will have the profound sympathy of the entire Connexion. It is gratifying to learn that the amount of insurance will nearly or quite cover the loss. Rising "like the Phœnix from its ashes," a stately and beautiful structure will soon take the place of that which has been destroyed.

The Rev. James F. Metcalfe.

This departed brother has lived in comparative retirement for the last twenty years. But those who knew him well were knit to him with ties of tender love. He was a singularly genial, kind-hearted Christian gentleman. He began to travel in the Methodist itinerancy thirty years ago, was very successful in his ministry, and won "a good degree" among his brethren. After about ten years' service his health failed and he was compelled to live in comparative retirement.

The Father of German Methodism.

One of the most conspicuous figures in Methodist history has just passed away full of years and full of honours at his home at Cincinnati, Ohio. Dr. William Nast was born at Stuttgart, Germany, in 1807,—ninety-two years ago. At the early age of fourteen, says *Zion's Herald*, he began the study of theology at the Blaubeuren Seminary. Subsequently he became a fellow-student with David Frederick Strauss at the Tübingen University. While thus engaged he became so imbued with sceptical tendencies, as a result of the rationalistic teachings and atmosphere of this celebrated school, that he turned away from theology and began the study of philosophy.

He came to America in his twenty-first year, and soon became professor of Greek and Hebrew at Kenyon College, Ohio. He came under the influence of Methodism, and after three years of struggling with unbelief he entered into the rest of faith. He forthwith became a missionary to his countrymen at Cincinnati.

At the close of his third year of labour, the young preacher was able to report the organization of the first German Methodist Church in the world, with a membership of thirty souls. And that feeble beginning has expanded until now there are over a dozen German Annual Conferences, with over one hundred thousand members and nearly, if not quite, one thousand travelling preachers. There are more than one hundred thousand officers, teachers and scholars in the Sunday-school, and a church property valued at upwards of $5,000,000. There are also seven higher schools of learning, several very prosperous deaconess institutions, and a flourishing Epworth League with over three hundred chapters and ten thousand members.

In 1839 the first German Methodist paper, the *Christliche Apologete*, was founded by Dr. Nast, and for forty-nine years he was its editor-in-chief.

"Behold," concludes *Zion's Herald*, "what hath God wrought!—and all within the active life of this one man."

Chaplain Searls.

Very many persons in Canada will feel with a sense of individual loss the death of the Rev. Dr. Searls, who has so often preached in the leading churches of the Dominion. He derives his best-known title from his long service as Chaplain in Auburn State Prison, New York. Here his sympathy with the prisoner, his personal magnetism and Christly spirit accomplished great moral reforms. He is best known in Canada as the frank and fearless foe of the liquor traffic. The power and pathos of his temperance addresses will long live in the memory of those who heard him. He was an honoured minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The Methodists at Guild Hall.

On a somewhat grander scale than that tendered the Conference at Owen Sound is the magnificent banquet to be tendered the Wesleyan Conference in London by the Lord Mayor and aldermen of the world's metropolis. The old Guild Hall, the scene of so many historic pageants, is to be the scene of a formal reception from the city to the largest nonconforming body in the United Kingdom. What a notable change from the time when the Methodists were everywhere persecuted and their name cast out as evil. But the devotion of the Church under the guidance of its President, Hugh Price Hughes, and of the leaders of Methodism in the Old Land, to its great work of soul-saving, and the pouring out generous offerings for the extension of God's kingdom, is a proof that the old-time fire and fervour of early Methodism have not departed from it.

Causes of Decline in Rate of Increase.

In an elaborate paper in the *Christian Advocate*, Dr. Carroll, late of the *Independent*, one of the census commissioners, shows that the recent retardation in the rate of increase of the Methodist Church is not peculiar to that body, but is shared by all the Churches, and more conspicuously by the Roman Catholic Church than by any other. When decades instead of quadrenniums are compared, however, this relative decrease is less marked. The absolute growth of the Church in its moral, religious and financial strength is much more encouraging.

Still there is ground for heart-searching to find out and remove the causes of this retardation of the chariot-wheels of the gospel. One of these, there is reason to fear, is the growth of the spirit of worldliness, of pleasure-seeking, of dissipating and pernicious amusements.

The craze for athletics is absorbing too much of the time and thought of not merely the young men of the colleges, but of the entire community. To maintain the sound mind in the sound body is a primary duty of Christian manhood. But one must, as the little girl paraphrased Paul's teaching, "keep the soul on top."

The crowds that fill the street in front of the bulletins of the baseball, lacrosse, and football matches; the vast sums that are lost and won in the pernicious habit of betting; the fashionable assemblies who swarm to the races, which were once considered vulgar and demoralizing; the multiplication of cheap vaudeville theatres, music halls, and "variety shows," are all evidences that multitudes are lovers of pleasure rather than lovers of God. Recreation men must have, but it should be not in the crowded theatres with their atmosphere laden with the germs at once of moral and spiritual malaria, but in God's green fields, in pure and wholesome surroundings.

Another cause of moral degeneracy is noted by the ministers of Omaha, whose city has been cursed with the evils of the Midway Plaisance shows, which were such a characteristic phrase of the exposition of that city last year. The Rev. A. C. Brown, of the Knox Presbyterian Church, told his people on a recent Sunday, that the blatant and offensive institutions in question did incalculable damage to the religious life of the city, and exerted a deadly influence upon the churches. He declared that the Midway infamies had smitten the churches of the city with a stagnation, a moral paralysis, —from which they were barely beginning to recover.

The St. Louis *Christian Advocate* warns the good people of that city of the perils which may accompany the proposed Exposition there. A Midway collection of coarse and demoralizing shows, a policy of "open gates on Sunday," and unlimited facilities on the grounds for the sale of beer and whiskey, are possibilities of the proposed Exposition which are fraught with unspeakable harm and danger.

REV. PETER RIJNHART.

Was he Martyred in Tibet?

A most thrilling story of missionary exploration, sacrifice, and possible martyrdom has come from Tibet, the "Forbidden Land," the "Sealed Land," and the "Land of Snow," as this rugged country, so hostile to missionaries and explorers, has deservedly come to be called. The story is told in the diary of Rev. Peter Rijnhart and the letters of his wife, which announce his mysterious disappearance.

The recipient of diary and letters is Rev. T. C. Paul, of Cecil Street Church of Christ, Toronto, Canada. Dispatches preceding these had stated that Mr. Rijnhart was murdered, but Mr. Paul says: "My firm conviction is that Mr. Rijnhart is a prisoner. We have a scheme for liberating him if alive, I have raised a considerable sum of money for the purpose, and, in conjunction with Mrs. Rijnhart, am organizing a relief party to go back to the Tibetan mountains in search of Mr. Rijnhart. The British and Dutch Consuls in China have offered assistance. Mr. Rijnhart is a Dutch subject, and his wife a Canadian."

Mr. Rijnhart is a minister of the Christian Church, and is thirty-one years old. He came to Toronto in 1889. In 1891, he made his first journey to Chinese mission-fields; in 1894, his second, accompanied by his bride, a medical missionary.

Few missionaries and explorers have penetrated Tibet's interior. Landor came back from a short sojourn in the "Forbidden Land," looking twenty years older than when he started. Fear is entertained that Mr. Rijnhart is undergoing tortures similar to those Landor endured. Tibet's religion is a corrupt form of Buddhism and the government is a priestocracy, and the capital is at L'hassa, where the Grand Lama lives. Moravians and other denominations have long made earnest efforts to open Tibet to the Gospel.

To carry the Gospel to this "Sealed Land," Mr. Rijnhart and his wife left Tankar, May, 1898. He wrote to Mr. Paul: "Off this morning for the unknown, with sixteen ponies, three men besides ourselves, 500 New Testaments and 400 Tibetan text cards. My wife and Charlie (their year-old baby), are in excellent health. We carry food for a year."

After they had travelled a few days in uninhabited country, their Chinese guides ran away in the night. At the foot of Tang-la pass, the baby died.

A TIBETAN CONVERT.

At Nga Chuka, they engaged fresh guides and ponies. They wanted to stop over winter at Nga Chuka, but were hurried off by the officials. Guides led them astray. They were set upon by robbers, all their ponies but one shot or carried off, and the guides deserted. Seeing some tents across the river, Mr. Rijnhart started towards them for help. Mrs. Rijnhart writes: "I waited alone with God until dark. The thought came, 'the tents are far away, he will be back by morning.' It gives one a strange sensation being alone among a hostile people, without even a tent or a dog."

After watching and waiting several days, she paid some tent people whom she saw across the river to get her over on a yak (ox). Efforts to hear of her husband were unavailing. Riding turbulent yaks and untrained ponies, crossing mountains and rivers, changing mercenary guides for faithless and dangerous ones, seeking protection of nomadic chiefs and bigoted lamas who give her tsamba and butter and "ula" (official passport), and hurried her off under escort; sleeping outdoors, and glad in this land of snow to "spend several nights in the stable with horses, donkeys, cows and pigs," terrified when her escort was attacked by drunken Tibetans, she at last reached Ta Chien-Lu. There, at the home of the Tibetan Band of Christians, she "found a haven of rest after the one long journey of over six months." From Ta Chien-Lu she wrote to Mr. Paul of her husband's disappearance.—*Christian Herald.*

ITEMS.

The Church Missionary Society, of London, now perhaps the largest organization of the kind in the world, has just observed its one-hundredth anniversary. It has 496 mission stations, 6,873 agents, 208,678 converts, besides 32,198 catechumens. It maintains 2,257 schools, in which 83,877 pupils are trained. We shall give in an early number a *resume* of the mission work of this century.

The *Evangelical Churchman* presents the estimate that $10,000 were spent in flowers for the decoration of the churches of Toronto at Easter. It pertinently asks: "With His people dying like sheep in heathenism even on our own continent, would the Risen Lord rather have the twenty living voices of the men ministering in distant fields or the silent voices of the flowers in the churches of Christian Toronto?"

The Wesleyan Methodist Church reports a total increase of 7,117, the largest reported for some years. The number of candidates for the ministry is 151, an increase of 54, another encouraging sign of the times.

Book Notices.

The Break-up of China. With an Account of its Present Commerce, Currency, Waterways, Armies, Railways, Politics and Future Prospects. By Lord Charles Beresford. With portraits and maps. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs. Octavo, pp. xxii-491. Price, $3.00.

"The break-up of an empire," says our author, "of four hundred millions of people is an event that has no parallel in history." The account of Lord Beresford's visit to China in 1898 and 1899 in the interests of British trade is of very special importance. He is a strong advocate of the "open door" and of the co-operation to maintain it of the Anglo-Saxon race. On the cover of this handsome volume he places side by side the Union Jack and Stars and Stripes above the dragon banner of the Chinese Empire. He was most cordially received by the Chinese, French, German, and Russian authorities, and had amplest opportunity of studying the problem of the Far East.

One is impressed most of all with the vast population of the empire and its cities—Peking with 1,300,000 inhabitants, Tientsin with 1,000,000, Canton with 1,600,000, and other vast cities and crowded provinces. As Britain transacts sixty-four per cent. of the foreign trade of China, he thinks she should have at least sixty-four per cent. of the foreign influence in China. Even in Manchuria British trade is over £3,000,000, while that of Russia is almost nil. In that country British Protestant missions have been established for thirty years. They have over forty English agents and 10,000 converts. All the missionaries whom Lord Beresford met, of all denominations and nationalities, were strongly in favour of the "open door" policy as the only one that promised success for the future of their missionary work as well as development of trade. They were naturally much concerned as to the future under Russian rule.

In six years the trade at the British possession of Hong Kong has expanded over three hundred per cent. The value of its trade in 1897 was £50,000,000, its tonnage nearly 16,000,000, more than half of which was British. At Shanghai nearly 8,000,000 tons of shipping entered and cleared in 1897. The new British concession of Wei-hai-wei he considers an immense acquisition to its naval base.

Lord Beresford had ample opportunity to study the Chinese army and navy, which he describes as very inefficient, chiefly through the fraud and peculation of Chinese officials. While the first of nations to use gunpowder, their weapons are most antiquated. The "gingal" is about ten feet long, and weighs from forty to sixty pounds. It is supported on the shoulders of two men, while a third fires it. Others use bows and arrows, horns and gongs to make discordant noises, and some are quite unarmed, carrying only "a bird-cage and a fan." China has a few out-of-date cruisers, and hundreds of war-junks absolutely useless. "The waste of money is appalling." Russia has in Eastern Siberia and Manchuria 120,000 well-armed men, with docks and barracks.

There are in the Chinese Empire 2,270 miles of railway, 1,400 being Russian; projected 3,500 more, of which about 2,500 are British or Anglo-American. The country is intersected by some of the most splendid rivers in the world and by a system of canals six hundred years old. The Yangtse River is second only to the mighty Amazon. Its broad stream is 3,000 to 3,500 miles in length, taps the heart of the Chinese Empire and passes through its richest provinces. It is navigable for steamers for a thousand miles from the sea, for five hundred more for large junks, and for nearly two thousand miles by native boats. The French are very active, surveying for a railway in Sze-Chuan, the province where our missions are situated.

The Yellow River, or Ho Han Ho, is nearly three thousand miles long. It has silted up its bed till it is in places sixty feet above the surrounding country. Often it bursts its banks, and only last year, says Lord Beresford, "millions of lives were lost, whole towns and villages were swept away." It is known as "China's Sorrow."

There are 20,000 miles of roads in China, once good, but now woefully out of repair.

It is a wonderful change from the arrested development or positive decay of China to turn to the marvellous progress of Japan. "In no country which I have visited," says Lord Beresford, "has

electricity, as a motive force, been taken advantage of to the same extent as in Japan. Telephones and telegraphs in every street in nearly every town throughout the Empire, and a very large and increasing number of manufactures are worked by electric power."

Lord Beresford concludes with a sketch of his return through the United States. He was profoundly impressed with the cheap power furnished by the Niagara Falls—$5.00 per horse-power per month. "There is no reason," he says, "why Buffalo and its vicinity should not become the greatest manufacturing city in the world. Canada owns at least half of this water-power, and should make the most of its splendid inheritance."

This book is simply indispensable to an adequate conception of the greatest problem of the age.

The Ethical Problem. Second enlarged edition. By Dr. Paul Carus. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company.

In a notice of the first edition, in the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, we wrote as follows: "The little book before us consists of three lectures delivered by invitation before the Society for Ethical Culture, of Chicago, in June, 1890. The subjects discussed are: (1) 'Ethics of Science,' (2) 'The Data of Ethics,' and (3) 'The Theories of Ethics.' Anything like a complete discussion of the great and broad themes would be quite impossible in the limited space at the author's command, but it also would be quite impossible for him to have crowded more thought and suggestiveness within the same compass. The lectures show that the author has read widely, thought deeply, has kept pace with the latest literature upon these questions, and has courageously formulated his own conclusions."

The present edition is a reprint of the former; but it is also increased from 85 to 350 pages by new matter, consisting of criticisms by various writers. Among these are several leading writers on ethical subjects, representing both America and Europe. Such names as Wm. M. Salter, Friedrich Jodd, Harold Höffding, and others equally representative, furnish a very full and vigorous discussion of the main points at issue; while to all of them the author gives very vigorous and effective replies. It is a fresh and, in many respects, an "up-to-date" volume.

E. I. B.

The Jacksonian Epoch. By Charles H. Peck. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. viii-472. Octavo. Price, $2.50.

The early decades of the present century, covered by the public life of Andrew Jackson, were the formative period in the history of the United States. "It was, indeed," says Mr. Peck, "the most suggestive and dramatic epoch in the national history. It marked the full development of American political methods, and possessed," he adds, "the most distinguished galaxy of public men ever brought together on the political scene of the country."

Andrew Jackson was the most prominent feature during that period. He still lives in the memory of the people under the affectionate sobriquet of "Old Hickory." The visitors to the Christian Endeavour Convention at Nashville will remember the intense interest shown in the Hermitage, where he spent his last years, and where his grave is still a place of patriotic pilgrimage.

Mr. Peck gives a comprehensive view of the period beginning with the War of 1812, during which Jackson emerged from obscurity into prominence. He treats the causes of that war with candour and fairness. He says that the boldness of the American traders, instigated by the immense profits of success, led to the perpetration of gross frauds upon England during the wars of the period, through forged British licenses and the use of the American flag to cover belligerent property.

Jackson's conspicuous victory over the British at the battle of New Orleans was the last act of the war. Indeed, it took place after peace had already been concluded at Ghent. Jackson skilfully defended his front with intrenchments of earthworks, sand bags, and cotton bales, which in the slippery soil the British were unable to turn or break. This was the last shot fired between the United States and the mother country.

The scope of this volume permits the introduction to a large degree of the personal element which gives to history its keenest interest and its greatest charm. The names of Clay, Calhoun, J. Quincy Adams, Benton, Van Buren, Harrison, Tyler, and other makers of empire come into view. The emergence of the slavery question as a factor in politics is fully treated.

Canadian Citizenship. A Treatise on Civil Government. By JOHN MILLAR, B.A., Deputy Minister of Education for Ontario. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. 60 cts.

Mr. Miller is rendering important service to Canadian teachers and scholars by his excellent books on educational topics. The present volume is characterized by the same accurate scholarship, practical treatment, and grace of style as his former works. It discusses the family and self-government, the rights and duties of citizens. It outlines the forms of government of the Empire, the Dominion, the provinces, the municipalities. The questions of educational institutions, the judicial system, taxation, wealth, political parties, and twentieth-century problems are all tersely and clearly described.

In the new imperialism which the whole Anglo-Saxon race seems to share, it is a distinct advantage to have the relations of Canadian citizens to the Empire, the Dominion, and the province clearly and logically set forth. Our public schools can accomplish great work in the cultivation of an intelligent patriotism among the young people of Canada. In this Dr. Ross and Mr. Millar and a great army of school-teachers very happily co-operate.

The Money Market. By E. F. BENSON. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, Halifax. Price, $1.00.

Next to having a novel by an archbishop we suppose is having one by an archbishop's son. This story is a lay sermon of a very practical nature. Percy Gerard was the heir to an immense fortune, three millions sterling. On the eve of his marriage he learned that it was made by trafficking on the necessities of humanity and lending money at sixty per cent. through Jewish usurers. He refused to accept the ill-gotten gains, was forsaken by his *fiancée*, and regarded as a quixotic fool. He found that his betrothed loved his money and not him. So he had a fortunate escape, and won a wife who loved him for himself alone. The money made by beer and whiskey seems to us more deeply stained than that won by usury. Yet the ranks of the peerage would be somewhat depleted if all the wealthy brewers and distillers refused to transmit or inherit their ill-gotten gains.

Ecce Clerus; or, The Christian Minister in Many Lights. By A STUDENT OF THE TIMES. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Price, $1.50.

"Ecce Clerus" is an attempt, as the author points out in his preface, to deal with some pressing present-day problems having their incidence within the sphere of religion, and holding peculiarly intimate relation to the ministerial calling. Fidelity to its aim in this regard makes it a more or less free and candid criticism of the spirit, status, functions, methods, and achievements of the Christian ministry, viewed in the light of the New Testament and the special requirements of the age.

The book is a word from the watch-tower of a waning century—a century whose significance for science, philosophy, invention; for historical and critical research; for commercial expansion and industrial development; for moral, social, and penal reform; for educational, religious and political progress, is probably greater than that of any two preceding centuries which have contributed any sort of a record to the annals of the world. A full review will be given in a future number.

Aylwin. By THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON. Toronto: George N. Morang. William Briggs. Price, $1.50.

Special interest is given to this book from the fact that its author was the intimate friend of Gladstone, Browning, Tennyson, and other men of light and leading of recent times. It has attracted a great deal of attention in Great Britain, and the *Primitive Methodist Magazine* devotes to it a review of eight columns. It gives a graphic picture of life among the Welsh gypsies, with whom the leading character of the story is allied by blood and sympathy and taste. It describes their superstitions, their pride of birth, their musical gifts, their unfaltering steadfastness in friendship or hatred. Nothing can be conceived more idyllic and beautiful than the child-life of Aylwin and of Winifred Wynne, their dawning love and plighted troth. But a chasm yawns between them, and only after long trial and tragedy that but purified their affection does it meet its destined reward. The book is one of the most notable of of the year.

Sonnets of the Bahamas. By G. J. H. NORTHCROFT. With Notes. Nassau: *Guardian* Office. Toronto: William Briggs.

We have received a dainty little booklet of sonnets on those sunny islands of the Southern Seas, the Bahamas. They are written by the Rev. G. J. H. Northcroft, Wesleyan Methodist minister at Nassau. They describe the varied aspects of nature by sea and land in those "summer isles of Eden." The author shows a fine appreciation of their manifold beauties. Many Canadian people find Nassau a very delightful place of sojourn during the winter. The following is our author's description of this island city:

A coral city of the south I sing,
Whose silver shores fall sloping to the sea,
O'er which the summer airs their fragrance fling
And tropic birds warble their melody.
White villas, stately fanes, and sunlit streets
Ascend in ranks above the busy quays,
Where argosies in ever-shifting fleets
Come or depart with each descending breeze.
A city this of gay and peaceful life,
By Heaven cherished and unspoiled of man,
Far from the fiercer rush of worldly strife,
Free from the dread of sullen winter's ban.
Here finds the weary pilgrim health and rest
And counts this coral city nobly blest!

Tiverton Tales. By ALICE BROWN. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.50.

These are quiet stories of New England life, full of quaint humour and touched with tender pathos. The writer is a rare artist in words. She portrays with fine skill the summer and winter landscape of the New England hills, and she etches with a subtle sympathy the characters who people them. She "hears the still sad music of humanity" and makes her readers hear it too.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Without Dogma. A Tale of Modern Poland. By HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ. Translated from the Polish by IZA YOUNG. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co., Limited. William Briggs.

John Ruskin, Social Reformer. By J. A. HOBSON. Boston: Dana, Estes & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

Love Among the Lions. A Matrimonial Experience. By F. ANSTEY. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co., Limited.

The Confounding of Camelia. By ANNIE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK. Same Publishers.

Notice.—All books reviewed in these pages can be ordered through the Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

THE SHADOW OF A GREAT ROCK.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

A band of wayworn pilgrims journeyed toward
A distant goal. The land was desert; and
The rough, bare road stretched shadowless for miles.
Fiercely the rays of a hot, summer sun
Beat down upon the travellers, until
Well-nigh they fainted by the way;—when, lo,
Just where the weary feet faltered and failed,
There rose a sheltering rock, that, far and wide,
Spread forth the coolness of its deep, broad shadow;
And, while they rested them therein, they gathered
Strength to press on once more.

O Thou, Who art
As in a sun-scorched land the shadow of
A great, high rock:—Grant us to rest in Thee,
When wearied with the heat and burden of
Life's toilsome pilgrimage; so shall we gain
New strength, whereby we may endure to attain
The bourn of our desire.

Toronto.

OUR JUBILEE VOLUME.

No magazine in Canada, no religious magazine in America, only one religious magazine, we believe, in the world, has heretofore reached its jubilee volume. It is very gratifying, therefore, that in this difficult field where so many previous efforts have failed, the connexional monthly of our own Church has been so successful. A gentleman, who receives many monthlies, states that our last number was the best of them all. The same gentleman said, and others have said it too: Why give this MAGAZINE a denominational name which shuts it out largely from the patronage of the other Churches? The answer is because it *is* frankly denominational. Its purpose is to promote chiefly Methodist interests, to report Methodist progress, to record the heroism of Methodist history, to reflect the spirit of Methodism, to give expression to its higher thought, its literary aspirings, its religious life. If there be any merit or credit in its character—to Methodism that credit shall accrue.

This MAGAZINE is not narrow or sectarian. Leading writers of the great brotherhood of Christian Churches contribute to its pages. Many readers beyond the pale of Methodism are its generous patrons. But it is chiefly prepared by Methodist writers for Methodist people. This fact, as it handicaps this MAGAZINE in the competition with the great number of magazines of general and broad-gauge character, is a ground for special appeal to Methodist support. For this jubilee volume we earnestly covet a thousand new subscribers. That increase would enable it to take a great step forward beyond anything yet achieved or attempted. We appeal to our ministers, who are our authorized agents, to all our present patrons, many of whom have read every number up to this fiftieth volume, to extend to the utmost of their power its influence and circulation.

This jubilee volume will be of very special interest. It will greatly aid the greatest movement our Church has ever undertaken—the promotion of a great religious revival on whose high tide the Church shall sweep into the twentieth century, and the raising of a million-dollar thanksgiving fund. It will set forth the grounds of gratitude for the past, the obligation of glad thanksgiving in the present, the glorious outlook for the future. With the aid of able contributors it will give a summary of the progress of Methodism, of missions, of the religious life of the nation during the most wonderful century the world has ever known. It will seek to "take occasion by the hand" and advance to grander triumphs for our Church and for our country. We stand on the highest crest of the world's progress. A glorious future, bright with the promises of God, dawns upon us. In the words of the sainted Bishop Simpson—the motto of our Epworth League—"We live to make our own Church a power in the world, while we live to love every other Church that exalts our Christ."

Let us rise to the height of this opportunity and privilege. In the immortal words of the great missionary pioneer of this century: "Let us attempt great things for God and expect great things from God." All the resources with which He dowers his people—whether art, literature or learning—if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, it should be employed for His glory.

It shall be our earnest endeavour to make this periodical more fully the expression of the higher thought of our people, more fully to merit the patronage of all our households. Let this distinctively Methodist Canadian and patriotic organ of our own Church have in still larger degree than heretofore the support of our entire Methodist Connexion, and the sphere of its influence and its general scope and character shall become still more deserving that generous aid.

"YE FIVE GABLES" AND SHAKESPEARE HOTEL, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.